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**TURKEY.**

IF the assemblage of contingents from the fleets of all the Powers induces the Turks and Albanians to surrender Dalcigno, a doubtful experiment will have been justified by the result. It is announced that identical instructions have been given to all the commanding officers; but it is not known whether they have been authorized in any contingency to take hostile measures. According to a late rumour, the Turkish general in the district has, at the last moment, threatened the Albanian chiefs with coercion. If he has persuaded them that his Government is in earnest, they will scarcely incur the unknown risk of resistance to the allies. The settlement of the Montenegrin dispute, if it is effected, will probably be followed by Turkish concession on the question of the Greek frontier. It has indeed been said that the SULTAN might hope to set off a conciliatory disposition in one matter against a pertinacious maintenance of a more important claim; but in both cases he will yield, if at all, to superior force, and not to argument. The concert of the Powers, if it really or ostensibly exists, will be as effective in supporting the decision of the recent Conference as in enforcing the surrender stipulated in the Treaty of Berlin. Mr. GLADSTONE was scarcely accurate in his statement that his Government had only interfered for the execution of the clauses of the treaty. The document, to which he now for the first time attaches paramount importance, contains no clause in favour of the pretensions of Greece. Mr. GLADSTONE himself thinks it necessary to discover another pretext for the extension of Greek territory, in the abstinence of the Government of Athens from participation in an entirely unprovoked attack upon Turkey during the Russian war. The cession of Epirus and Thessaly is in truth only to be justified or excused by the probability that the ceded districts will be happier and more prosperous under a Government of their own language and religion. It is evident that Mr. GLADSTONE's conduct is determined by his sympathies rather than by the reasons which he assigns for interference. The proposed transfer rests on no doctrine of international law, except the intelligible proposition that the European Powers have a right, when they agree, to distribute territories at their pleasure. A population which talks Greek and professes an ancient form of Christianity has an irresistible claim on Mr. GLADSTONE's good will.

Germany, Austria, and France, which are not equally accessible to philanthropic and ecclesiastical sentiment, may perhaps not have been confirmed in their disposition to co-operate with England by Mr. GLADSTONE's speech at the end of the Session. It is probable that no other Great Power except Russia is prepared to concur in a declaration that the existence of the Turkish Empire is no longer a primary object of European policy. Mr. GLADSTONE's new theory has the merit of being consistent, though it amounts to a direct reversal of the political traditions of two or three generations. As he truly says, the Treaty of Paris embodying the principle on which the previous war had been conducted, assumed the expediency of maintaining the independence and integrity of Turkey. Mr. GLADSTONE even condescends to allow that the Cabinet from which he had then recently retired may have judged rightly, according to the means of knowledge which it then possessed. The second object of Lord PALMERSTON

and his colleagues was to reform the administration of Turkey for the benefit of the subject population. The crusading spirit of recent times had not then been accepted as the rule of policy. The English Government thought itself bound and entitled to avert the danger of Russian aggression, but not to undertake the responsibility of securing good government, or of discouraging the Mahometan religion. Mr. GLADSTONE, in and out of office, did his utmost to counteract the policy on which the English nation was then all but unanimously bent. He proposed to meet the whole expense of the Russian war by taxation, with the avowed purpose of rendering the struggle unpopular; and after his resignation of office he opposed the Government with a furious pertinacity which had few precedents, and which was not afterwards reproduced until he found himself in opposition to Lord BEACONSFIELD.

Mr. GLADSTONE now formally declares that improvement in the condition of the Christian subjects of Turkey is the main object of English policy in the East; and that, in default of reform, the Ottoman Empire must shift for itself. In other words, he provisionally acquiesces in the establishment of Russian supremacy in the Turkish dominions, for he scarcely affects to hope that the Government of the SULTAN will comply with the conditions which he defines. It may be argued that the influence of England will be increased by an announcement of the indifference of the English Government to the maintenance of the Empire. Diplomacy rests either on hope or on fear, and sometimes on a combination of both. Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, and the Ministers whom he represented, offered, as a consideration for compliance with their counsels, protection against Russian encroachment. Mr. GLADSTONE announces that, unless efficient reforms are introduced, the SULTAN will be abandoned to the aggressions of his hereditary enemy. The menace might be alarming, if any hope were held out of support in the meantime, or even of ordinary good will; but Mr. GLADSTONE takes no pains to disguise his passionate antipathy to the opponents of the Oriental Church and the former oppressors of Greece. He went out of his way to insult the whole Turkish nation by comparing them to the unclean animal which they regard with contempt and disgust. It seems that, according to an apocryphal legend, a facetious savage in Montenegro, instead of cutting off, according to custom, the noses of certain Turkish prisoners, thought it a greater affront to exchange them for as many pigs. Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it decent to borrow and adopt the expression of national and ecclesiastical spite. His display of hatred to the Turks is made at a time when he is demanding from their Government a great concession of territory, and while he or his colleagues are urging the introduction of complicated reforms in Europe and Asia. On the Continent his insult to the Turks and his extravagant praises of the Montenegrin barbarians have been received with astonishment, and may perhaps produce serious consequences.

There is no reason why Englishmen should share the PRIME MINISTER's characteristic prejudices and passions. Even if his estimate of the respective qualities of Turks and Montenegrins were just, it would not be the business of the English Government to aggrandize Montenegro at the expense of Turkey. Sir WILFRID LAWSON was for once right in protesting against Quixotic benevolence to be exercised at the risk of war. The only justification of

the compulsory transfer of territory is that, on the demand of Russia, it was stipulated in the Treaty of Berlin. There is some danger in enforcing the surrender; but, on the other hand, the dispute, as long as it lasts, may possibly lead to war. The assertion that the Montenegrins are the most heroic race in Europe would, even if it were true, furnish no justification for the despatch of a squadron to the coast of Albania. The profession of zeal for the execution of the Treaty of Berlin can scarcely be sincere. The preparations in progress for the union of East Roumelia, in direct violation of the treaty, meet with no reprobation from Mr. GLADSTONE. His virtual admission of the dependence of his policy on his predilections and dislikes will revive the recollection of his wanton attacks on Austria. Among many reasons for satisfaction at the close of the Session is the probability that, for some time to come, Mr. GLADSTONE will not have the opportunity of making speeches on foreign policy. The diplomatic communications of the Government will be made by a more prudent Minister, who will take care not to give unnecessary offence. For the present the Admirals will be charged with the duty of representing the policy on which the Great Powers have contrived to agree. Their task would only be impeded by further wanton affronts to Turkey or to Austria.

#### THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

THE document which, as gossip will have it, was composed by Mr. GLADSTONE in the intervals of dancing reels and singing Venetian boat-songs on board the *Granully Castle*, must, one would think, have been originally written in rose-coloured ink. HER MAJESTY is made to take the same sanguine view of the situation at home and abroad that is taken no doubt by the PREMIER himself. It would hardly have been decent for the QUEEN to inform her faithful Lords and Commons that a large Liberal majority having been returned to Parliament, and HER MAJESTY having summoned the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE to the head of her councils, all was necessarily well. But some such sentence as this rings in the ear of the reader with a persistent undercurrent of sound. The Commons, at any rate, must have been gratified at being told that their indefatigable zeal and patience had enabled them to add to the statute-book several valuable laws. This sentence, if read in the Palace of Truth instead of in the Palace of Westminster, might have been singularly altered in the reading. It would probably have run thus:—"My Ministers having made up their minds to begin their term of office with a showy programme, and many of the constituencies having fortunately assisted their views by sending delegates instead of members, I congratulate you on having huddled a great many measures through in such a manner that one House has been unable to consider them properly and the other has not been able to consider them at all." But it is generally admitted that, in the Palace of Truth, the institution of QUEEN'S Speeches would require considerable modifications.

The sanguine and self-congratulatory tone which pervades the speech loses none of its prominence when the individual paragraphs are more particularly examined. Those which deal with the Eastern question might perhaps have been a little more satisfactory if more meaning had appeared in them, even if there had been fewer words. If the Houses had no further knowledge on the question than that the Porte had failed to execute its engagements, that the Powers had communicated their judgment in the matter to it, and that HER MAJESTY places reliance upon the maintenance of the European concert, their knowledge could hardly be described as exhaustive. The compliment paid to General ROBERTS in the sentences dealing with Afghanistan is just and well merited, but My Lords and Gentlemen are left in as much doubt here as previously as to the intentions of the Government for the future. A speedy termination of the war in Southern Afghanistan is all that is hoped for; and of the measures that are to follow the termination of the war, as of the measures that are to follow the communication of the Government's judgment to the SULTAN, no mention, even of the dark and allusive kind common in such documents, is made. That a whole paragraph should be given to the subject of Indian finance was probably unexpected, and must be taken somewhat in the light of a party manœuvre. Lord HARTINGTON's recent explanations have fully confirmed

the view expressed in these columns, that the actual state of the Indian finances is not, on the whole, other than satisfactory. The remarkable blunders in detail which led to the mistaken estimate of the cost of the Afghan war are important certainly; but they are matters of subordinate administration, such as are not usually taken notice of in a QUEEN'S Speech. The mention of them, however, will doubtless serve party politicians during the recess as an occasion for the renewal of those aspersions on the late Government the injustice of which Lord HARTINGTON has himself fully admitted. It was natural that some allusion should be made to the failure of Confederation in South Africa; but the paragraph in reference to the Basutos may be said to partake in somewhat excessive measure of the optimism which pervades the Speech. The QUEEN trusts that a moderate and conciliatory policy may allay the agitation caused by the Disarmament Act. This is, in other words, hoping that the policy of the colonists will completely reverse itself. The harvest has suitable thanks returned for it, and HER MAJESTY is made to express a hope that next year will see an addition to the revenue of the country. Here, again, reminiscences of the Palace of Truth occur, for the sentence reads strangely like a hope that Mr. GLADSTONE may have a surplus to distribute, and thereby win himself popularity. The climax of optimism is perhaps reached in the expectation that the harvest will improve the condition of the people of Ireland, "who have so seriously suffered from failure of the crops." The loudly expressed opinion of a considerable part of the people of Ireland we believe is that their sufferings arise, not from the failure of crops, but from the existence of landlords. No mention is made in the Speech, we observe, of the well-intentioned measure for remedying this latter grievance, which has occupied HER MAJESTY'S faithful Commons for so much of their time. It is a merciful custom which dispenses Ministers on these occasions from chronicling their failures.

Notwithstanding this custom, it is always a temptation to look at what may be called the unwritten QUEEN'S Speech, the complement of the rose-coloured picture which is annually presented to an admiring public, very few of whom are much deceived by it. In an ideal commonwealth such as those which occupied the wits of the sixteenth and seventeenth century, there would probably be an official Devil's Advocate charged with the preparation of a companion document. This officer would certainly have no great difficulty in performing his task this year, and if he had any difficulty at all, it would not arise from the want of matter. A very interesting Speech might be drawn up containing paragraphs devoted to the KAROLIT incident, as illustrating the means with which the present Ministry occasionally requite the "friendly assurances" received from foreign Powers. The paragraphs relating to the Eastern question might contain an abstract of the parts played in the European concert by the different performers. It would be particularly interesting for the author to point out in a neat sentence that one Power at least is understood to decline absolutely any co-operation in the transformation of the naval promenade lately resolved on into any actual means of coercion. It is probable that the Devil's Advocate would not pass over KUSHKI-NAKHUD so completely as Mr. GLADSTONE has done, and that his compliments as to the "promptitude" manifested in the relief of Candahar would hardly be indiscriminating. The recall of Sir BARTLE FREER would supply a very piquant addition to his section about South Africa. But it is in reference to domestic matters that there would be the chief divergence between the official document and the counterblast. A paragraph at least would, as has been hinted, be devoted to the history of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill. The Ground Game Bill would be made appropriately to illustrate the skill of Ministers in killing two birds with one stone, by at once removing obstacles to British agriculture and propitiating the farmers by providing them with amusement gratis. The repeal of the Malt Duty would also afford scope for literary treatment. But the most copious and fertile subject would undoubtedly be the character and conduct of the present House of Commons and its leaders. A profane foreign critic has indeed already treated this part of the subject under the somewhat startling, but perhaps not wholly inappropriate, heading, "The Decadence of Parliamentary Government in England." The form of a QUEEN'S Speech would, however, be much more effective for the purpose. HER MAJESTY could be made to express her satis-

faction at the increased independence of the Commons, and their freedom from foolish ceremonial restraints as evidenced in the famous incident of Mr. SULLIVAN's supper. A summary could be effectively given of the proceedings which relieved Northampton of the advantage or disadvantage of being only half represented. In particular, the QUEEN could very sincerely congratulate her people that, owing to a fortunate concatenation of circumstances, the apostles of the propagation of small-pox are not to be let loose on them this year. But a sketch of the qualities displayed by Ministers themselves would be the most effective, and not the least interesting, portion of the document. As it is, the writing of this is left to private enterprise, and it is probable that, as in other similar matters, private enterprise will be equal to the task of recording, and in due season recalling, the history of the second Session of 1880. That the QUEEN'S Speech should give that history accurately is of course not to be thought of. Ministers are reviewing their own works in it, and the review can hardly be expected to be of too severely just a character. It is probable that the satisfaction which is shown in the Speech is genuine, and not affected. Mr. GLADSTONE has, owing to the constitution of the present Parliament, been able to carry out, almost in its entirety, the programme which he announced four months ago. We do not know that, considering all things, there is really much to be proud of in this, but the man would be hardly human who should not be as a fact proud of it. The consciousness that the representatives of a great nation are ready to do his will, wise or unwise, just or unjust, is a somewhat intoxicating consciousness. It is true that symptoms of recalcitrance have been shown, but certainly not as many as might have been expected. Mr. GLADSTONE has always been, of all modern statesmen, most sensible to flattery in word and deed; and there can be no doubt that he is at the present moment in the warmest of charity with his majority. This pleasant feeling has been reflected in a Speech which tells England that all is well at home and abroad. To hint a doubt would be to run the risk of being charged with croaking. Yet even at this risk it is too probable that not a few persons will insist upon seeing black spots, and something more, amid the rose colour.

#### THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE later debates of the most unsatisfactory Session on record were not the least mischievous. The strange disturbance caused by an Irish member might in former times have been lamented as a painful incident; but the tone and temper of the House of Commons have so visibly and so rapidly deteriorated that want of dignity and of decency has become too common to excite surprise or extraordinary regret. Mr. PARNELL's proposal to tack the Irish Registration Bill to the Appropriation Bill was in itself harmless as a factious manoeuvre; and indeed it was not seriously urged. The motion and the debate to which it gave rise derived all their importance from the language of the Ministers who ostensibly opposed the innovation. Sir W. HARCOURT, with more than questionable taste, and in violation of well-known rules, indulged himself in a personal criticism of Lord REDESDALE's character. The rejection of a Bill by the House of Lords was described as a mere whim of a single peer, who, according to Sir W. HARCOURT, had by long exercise of official power acquired despotic habits. Lord REDESDALE is responsible to the House in which he sits; but the House of Lords, in following his advice, takes upon itself the blame or merit which may attach to its decision. It would perhaps have been more expedient to avoid a pretext for popular clamour, and to reserve, as Lord BEACONSFIELD suggested, the exercise of the authority of the House of Lords for great occasions; but the rejection of the Irish Registration Bill was neither arbitrary nor capricious. The measure was in itself insignificant; and an interval of two months had been left between the second reading in the House of Commons and the introduction of the Bill in the House of Lords. Lord REDESDALE and the majority of the peers deliberately censured the disrespectful negligence of the Government, knowing at the same time that the postponement of the Bill to next Session could in no way affect the public interest. Still more objectionable than the public discussion of Lord REDESDALE's alleged foibles was the insinuation that his conduct was actuated by a desire to secure a particular

Irish seat to its present occupant. Sir W. HARCOURT either forgot that he had given Lord REDESDALE credit for integrity, or adopted a low standard of political morality. An Irish member justly remarked that, if Sir W. HARCOURT's suggestion was well founded, it involved the imputation of a scandalous job.

Mr. FORSTER's indiscretion throws into the shade the light and careless mistake of his colleague. While he opposed the ostensible motion for a tack to the Appropriation Bill, Mr. FORSTER outdid Mr. PARNELL in denunciation of the House of Lords. He admitted that the House of Lords "as long as it retained its present condition" might reasonably object to a deliberate interference with its freedom of action; he asserted that the conduct of the Peers was unanimously disapproved by the House of Commons and the country; and he absurdly taunted the greatest and most ancient of hereditary Assemblies with the fact that its members derived their privileges from birth. It is of course true that, if a collision occurred between the two branches of the Legislature, the representative body must ultimately prevail. The levity and frivolity of a proposal to abolish the House of Lords because it has thought that there was undue delay in the conduct of a trivial Bill are unworthy of a statesman. Mr. FORSTER has not hitherto been known as a promoter of revolution; and it might have been supposed that he would recognize the utility of the House of Lords, and the high qualities of its principal members. Lord REDESDALE, who is not a political leader, is incomparably superior in ability and in length and efficiency of public service to all but a few members of the House of Commons. The debates of the House of Lords, though it contains no orator equal to Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. BRIGHT, are more thoughtful, more elevated, and more instructive than those of the House of Commons. In England, as in France, there may perhaps be a theoretical difference of opinion as to the advantages arising from the existence of a Second Chamber; but the House of Lords is more independent and more efficient than any Continental Senate. It is not worth while to pursue further a controversy as to fundamental institutions on the occasion of a tenth-rate Bill. The issue which is raised by the debate on Mr. PARNELL's motion relates rather to Mr. FORSTER's political position than to the security of the House of Lords.

No other Minister has since the formation of the Government been guilty of so many instances of weakness and indiscretion. It is true that Mr. FORSTER has held the most difficult office in the Government; but the confidence and satisfaction which was felt when he accepted a difficult and irksome post have been signally disappointed. It may be plausibly urged in extenuation of his failure that he has had to contend with two different bodies of opponents; but he has met the less dangerous set of adversaries with obstinate pugnacity; while he has incessantly vacillated between conciliation and spasmodic resistance in dealing with the promoters of sedition and disorder. The Disturbance Bill, which has begun the inevitable disruption of the Liberal party, was an afterthought, borrowed without due consideration from an Irish member who understood his own purpose better than Mr. FORSTER. When he inserted the measure as a clause in an otherwise unopposed Bill, Mr. FORSTER cannot have appreciated the importance of the principle which it involved. The right of property in land and the Constitution of the country ought at least not to be assailed except on some great occasion. A prudent Minister would not even have alienated two-thirds of the supporters of his party in the House of Lords, and a large proportion in the House of Commons, for an insignificant object. The mortification which was naturally caused by defeat has, by a not unintelligible process, confirmed Mr. FORSTER in an originally pardonable mistake. In the Disturbance Bill he selected for partial confiscation a small and defined kind of property, consisting of three half-years' rent in certain districts and under prescribed conditions, or rather of the right of immediate recovery of certain debts by the only method which has been found effective. Moderate politicians of both parties unanimously condemned the measure on account of its vicious principle, which had apparently in the first instance escaped Mr. FORSTER's notice. He has since become enamoured of the anomalous doctrine which he first accepted in the belief that it would facilitate the relief of distress. A Bill to prevent any evictions which may appear to the Lord Lieutenant's Secretary

unjust would be much more objectionable than the Disturbance Bill, which referred the adjudication to the County Court Judge. The confidence which had been rudely shaken was in some degree revived by Mr. FORSTER's spirited condemnation of a speech delivered in promotion of spoliation and murder. Mr. FORSTER has never been suspected of sympathy with crime, but it began to be doubted whether he had courage to denounce the advocates of sedition. As might have been expected, his temperate censure provoked the extreme Irish faction in the House of Commons to superfluous expressions of sympathy for the demagogue who had been attacked, and for the policy which he recommended to his dupes. Their protests appear to have alarmed or convinced Mr. FORSTER, who afterwards propounded his wonderful distinction between law and justice. Under the same influence he afterwards sneered at the House of Lords, and threatened it with extinction, partly because it had rejected a trivial Irish measure, and also in satisfaction of an ancient grievance of his own. Mr. FORSTER has not, like the rest of the world, forgotten that the House of Lords long since threw out his Ballot Bill. The measure has since been passed, with the anticipated result of adding largely to the power of the democratic party. The House of Lords has been fully justified in its prevision of consequences, and the practical defeat which it has suffered might entitle it to condonation; but Mr. FORSTER is apparently not inclined to forgive opposition. The feelings with which the peers in the Cabinet regard the menaces of their colleague against their order are indicated in Lord GRANVILLE's mild and significant rebuke of the intemperance and indiscretion of his colleague. Lord GRANVILLE, much to his credit, announced that he would not himself remain a member of a Cabinet which threatened the independence of the House of Lords. The approaching disruption between the two sections of the Liberal party will not take place in the recess. There is too much reason to fear that in the preparation of measures for the next Session the revolutionary section of the Government will by greater energy secure the control of policy.

#### AFGHANISTAN.

THE victory of Baba Wali, by settling for a time the military part of the question in Afghanistan, has brought the political question all the more prominently forward. The praise which has been given to General ROBERTS is for once not a whit too high for the exploit he has performed, and the sole attempt which has been made to detract from his merit is altogether unreasonable. It was pointed out last week in these columns that the failure of General PHAYRE to keep time had precluded General ROBERTS from effecting that complete shutting-up of the enemy in a trap which was necessary to make precipitate retreat possible. It may be pointed out now that to wait for General PHAYRE would have been in the last degree impolitic. For the moment the Afghan courage was screwed up to the sticking place. But there was no security that it would remain there, and a battle was as necessary for the real discomfiture of the enemy as for the restoration of the credit of the Indian army. The result accomplished both objects as completely as was under the circumstances possible. The enemy's army was not merely defeated, but in the military sense destroyed, as much destroyed as if ten thousand men instead of one thousand had been killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. What is less frequent with our armies nowadays, the generalship displayed was as creditable as the result was satisfactory. The attack was delivered by our troops upon a strongly fortified position, not merely in a gallant manner, but in a manner strictly in accordance with the most exacting requirements of military science. At Ulundi and at Ahmed Khel, the most recent successes of moment achieved by our armies, the troops simply had to stand still and go on firing until the enemy could bear it no longer. At Baba Wali the case was very different. The escape of the enemy's leaders and of so large a number of their men is indeed to be regretted, and the atrocious murder of Lieutenant MACLAINE mars the complete satisfaction which would otherwise be felt at the victory. But for the latter no Englishman can be blamed at all, and for the former the blame, wherever it falls, certainly does not fall on General ROBERTS. It

cannot be said of that General, as it may perhaps be said of some other of our leaders, that his successes have been won over contemptible foes or over foes who have previously been broken by the efforts of others. From his first entrance into the Kurum Valley two years ago his movements have been characterized by a mixture of daring and prudence which is the secret of generalship. His one disaster, the shutting up of his force in Sherpur, was practically unavoidable, and was brilliantly retrieved by himself before the relieving force could come to his aid, while to his march from Cabul to Candahar and his dispositions at Baba Wali too much praise can hardly be given.

We have said, however, that this military success only reopens instead of settling the political question, while it leaves a very important question of a purely military kind still to be considered. No one who has attentively read the papers issued to Parliament last week, or the speeches of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Lord HARTINGTON on Friday night, can fail to see that there is grave responsibility resting somewhere for the defeat of Kushk-i-Nakhud and the blockade of Candahar. With his usual frankness the INDIAN SECRETARY has admitted that such documents as he was able to lay before the House are neither complete nor conclusive. But, with a reticence comically surprising in the present Government after their importunate demand for information when they were in Opposition, he has neither supplied the deficiency by oral communication nor rendered it less noteworthy by explicit declarations of policy as to the future. Now, as it happens, both the past and the future of the matter are of the greatest importance to the welfare of England and of India. It has been sufficiently pointed out already that, unless such things as the battle of Kushk-i-Nakhud and the failure of General PHAYRE to advance are made impossible, our Indian Empire will assuredly soon go the way which those who wish it to perish desire. The papers hitherto published seem to relieve the VICEROY of personal responsibility, and in so relieving him relieve the Home Government of part (if not the whole) of the weight. But they only relieve these authorities at the expense of others—the VICEROY's military advisers and the local military authorities of Bombay and Candahar. Now it is no secret that public opinion in India holds that the military advisers made their protest and were overruled. This, of course, would make the matter very serious for Lord RIPON and for the Home Government. Even supposing that there was no such protest, it seems remarkable that Lord HARTINGTON, who, if he has no special military knowledge, is credited with the possession of considerable common sense, should not have seen the dangerous folly of exposing such a force as General BURROWS's to the immense and known superiority of the invaders, and the more than dangerous folly—the criminal lunacy, it may almost be called—of treating this force as still sufficient after the mutiny and desertion of its native allies. Lord HARTINGTON has hinted that more discretion than has been supposed was given to the local authorities; and we can well believe that some portion of the blame—not an inconsiderable portion, it may be—rests with them. But was it not the business of Lord RIPON and Lord HARTINGTON himself to find out whether the reinforcements which they had ordered were being actually sent up, or whether, in consequence of the break-down in the transport service, the work which had been recognized as requiring three brigades at least was not being thrown on General PRIMROSE with two? We do not see how this question can be answered otherwise than in the affirmative; and all Lord HARTINGTON's attempts to smother discussion will, it is to be feared, only increase the weight with which responsibility will finally be proved to fall.

Up to the conclusion of the Session the Government were at least equally reticent about the policy which they intend to pursue in Afghanistan, and the allusion to the subject in the QUEEN'S Speech was studiously vague. The tendency of Lord HARTINGTON's answer to the deputation which asked him to retain Candahar was in the main unfavourable, and rumours have even been started to the effect that the force now occupying that ancient capital will speedily be recalled to India. It is difficult to reconcile this with two things, the importance of which can hardly, it may be thought, escape a Government, even when that Government is determined on peace at any price, except in the interest of Montenegrin cutthroats and Greek coveters of their neighbours' goods. The

murder of Lieutenant MACLAINE is unavenged; the provinces east and west of the Helmund are practically deprived, not merely of that "stable and friendly Government" of which we have heard so much, but of any Government at all. No doubt, if AYOUB is left to himself, he may soon re-establish his authority over Herat and its neighbourhood at any rate, if not over Farrah and Zemindawar. He may even, if Candahar be abandoned, repeat the expedition which was this time so near success, and make sure of the prize which General ROBERTS has snatched from him. This, at least, can hardly be contemplated. We know that a force is to be sent to Kushk-i-Nakhud to pay the last honours to our unfortunate soldiers who fell there, and to show the neighbourhood that English power may be eclipsed but cannot be destroyed. This is as it should be. But to stop there would hardly be likely to create much respect for our name in South-Western Afghanistan. It is, however, impossible to argue about the intentions of the Government, because the Government have studiously avoided disclosing the fact that they have any intentions at all. Nothing, as has already been remarked, can be more curious than this reticence when we consider the persons who practise it, their antecedents, and their recent professions. They have put it out of their power to pursue any other than a "policy of surprises" and a "policy of personal government," by the simple fact that they have left the public in total ignorance, and have succeeded in adjourning inquiry, till, Parliament having risen, inquiry is impossible. The facts they have before them are such as one might think could lead to but one conclusion. An invading force has marched from Herat to Candahar in a month, and a relieving force has been unable to march from Quetta to Candahar in two months. A problem thus simple hardly requires a RICHELIEU in statesmanship or a NAPOLEON in military knowledge to solve it. But then it is a cardinal doctrine with the advisers of the Ministry, if not with themselves, that the idea of danger from Herat is all moonshine. Perhaps it is, though history, common sense, and this latest experience say the exact contrary. The really disquieting thing is that Mr. GLADSTONE's Government obviously prefer, as they preferred in his last tenure of office, to ignore Afghanistan as much as possible. There can be little doubt that, if ABDUL RAHMAN were instant with them to give him Candahar, they would be tempted to do so, though such a proceeding would be unpleasantly near to a downright breach of faith. But, as they obviously do not wish to hold it themselves if they can possibly help it, as the present or late Wali is clearly not the man for the situation, and as even Mr. GLADSTONE would hardly think of rewarding AYOUB for invading our territory (as it may be called), defeating our armies, and murdering prisoners of war, by making him a present of the province he coveted, the alternatives open seem to be neither numerous nor clear. The main reason for anxiety as to the conduct of the Government is not so much that what they have as yet done with regard to Afghanistan is wrong, as that they notoriously approach the subject from a wrong and dangerous point of view. This anxiety could only be relieved by very clear declarations of policy, and we have none, clear or dubious, to assist us.

#### RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE QUEEN has evidently been struck by the contrast which her own journeys by railway present to those lately taken by some of her subjects. In theory there should be no more risk of accident in the one case than in the other. Accidents are supposed to be things which cannot be prevented; and to these the train that carries the QUEEN is necessarily just as much exposed as the trains that carry less illustrious passengers. In practice we know that the word accident covers a great many things which might have been prevented; things which are accidents only in the sense that their occurrence at the particular moment and under the particular circumstances in which they did occur could not have been, or, at all events, was not, foreseen. It is perfectly certain, for example, that, if trains cannot be speedily stopped, they will one day or other run against some obstacle before they can be stopped. It is perfectly certain that, if the connexion between points and signals is not made mechanical and automatic, one or other of them will some day be moved

without the other being moved in correspondence with it. It is perfectly certain that, if a signalman works more hours than is good for him, he will be likely at one time or another to be sleepy when he ought to be wakeful, or stupid when he ought to have all his wits about him. The catastrophes which occasionally result from the neglect of these commonplaces of railway management are only accidental in the sense that the time at which they will happen cannot be fixed beforehand. They are the effect of causes known to be in operation, though it is not known how long they may continue in operation without the effect being produced. From accidents of this kind the QUEEN is, as may be supposed, entirely protected. It is conceivable that a piece of apparently sound metal may give way and no one be able to assign a reason, or that a pointsman may suddenly go raving mad and turn the Royal engine upon a wrong line of rails just as a train is coming up in the opposite direction. In default of anything utterly beyond human forecast the QUEEN is perfectly safe. If the Railway Companies chose to bear the cost, every train that they run might be just as secure as that which carries the QUEEN.

Perfect security, however, against accidents which, strictly speaking, are not accidents, is a matter of money, and of a great deal of money. If the precautions which are taken during the QUEEN's journeys were taken during the journeys of all her subjects, none but rich men would be able to travel. Ordinary men and women must put up with some risk in locomotion, just as they put up with some discomfort. The question that from time to time presents itself is, whether they are not made to put up with rather too much risk; whether accidents do not happen which might have been prevented with no great expenditure of money; whether the Railway Companies do not, in fact, often neglect the interests alike of themselves and the public, rather than incur some immediate outlay, or break through some traditional routine? It is not wonderful that the answer to this question should have interested the QUEEN. She knows what it is to travel in entire safety, and she is uneasy when she hears of instance after instance in which some precaution which is observed as a matter of course when she herself is travelling has been neglected, with immense damage to life and limb. It is not to be expected that the interest HER MAJESTY takes in the matter will have any direct action on the Railway Companies. Shareholders will not forego dividend in order to gain an impersonal title to Royal favour; and the majority of Directors may not unnaturally feel that, when all is said, it is better to offend the sovereign than to go against the wishes of their proprietors. But there is an indirect action on Railway Companies in which the QUEEN's interest in the question may have a large share. Notwithstanding the assurances which the Railway Companies persistently, and no doubt honestly, make to the contrary, there is very little probability that any immediate improvement in the way of precautions against danger will be effected without further legislation. Now, further legislation requires a Government ready to take the initiative and a Parliament ready to act on that initiative. The intervention of the sovereign may do a great deal in both these directions. It may stimulate the Government to introduce a Bill to render accidents less frequent, and it may stimulate Parliament to give such a Bill careful and favourable consideration. In both these ways the knowledge that the QUEEN is watching with peculiar interest the conclusions to which the Cabinet and Parliament shall come may be a powerful factor in the final result.

The Board of Trade is now in possession of a series of reports on railway accidents extending over a large number of years. If these reports were minutely analysed, a great deal of light would probably be brought to bear on the causes of railway accidents. The Board may have already digested this information and have drawn its own conclusions from it; but as yet the knowledge has been turned to no practical account. If it should appear upon examination that some two or three recurrent causes play a principal part in the great majority of railway accidents, and that whenever a new report on an accident is opened the chances are immense that it will be within these assigned limits a repetition of previous reports—that would of itself constitute a fair case for legislation, supposing of course that these causes admitted of being removed. Whether the removal ought to be effected by immediate or

mediate legislation is another question. It may be that the effect of certain specific improvements is so precisely ascertained that nothing remains but to order the Railway Companies to make them. It may be, on the other hand, that no improvements have yet attained this position, that none are equally applicable to all lines, or even to all parts of the same line. One class of trains may safely dispense with precautions that are essential to the safety of others. Expedients which are an essential element of security in fast trains may be quite unnecessary in slow. Even during the interval that must under any circumstances be allowed for the execution of the order, some further improvement may be effected, and a year after the Act has been passed obedience to it may be tantamount to the adoption of an inferior expedient rather than of one which answers the purpose better, but has been perfected later. These considerations point to a different method of dealing with Railway Companies. What is wanted seems to be an elastic machinery which shall distinguish between different cases, and make proper allowance for particular circumstances. On this theory the thing we have to guard against is our old friend the hard and fast rule. The way to deal with Railway Companies is not to bid them adopt this, that, and the other precaution, and having done that to leave them alone; but to arm some public body with sufficient authority to insist upon the adoption of such precautions as shall from time to time seem to be reasonable. By this means the progress of science and experience could be allowed for, and Railway Companies would not be allowed to invite disaster by the use of machinery which, though it was once the best known safeguard against danger, has long ceased to be regarded as any real safeguard at all. Such a tribunal lies ready to the Government's hand in the Railway Commission. All that is necessary is to empower the Commissioners, either of their own motion or at the instance of some one else, to call upon a Railway Company to adopt any precaution against accident which it seems reasonable to require on behalf of passengers. Armed with this power, the Commissioners need have no hesitation in acting vigorously. They would say to a Company—A long series of accidents has shown that, in the particular circumstances of your line, such and such precautions ought to be taken, and accordingly we order you to take them. An appeal might lie, as now, to the Court of Common Pleas, to determine whether the Commissioners had rightly judged the causes of the accidents or the appropriateness of the remedy they proposed to apply; but with this exception the order of the Commissioners would be final. Almost any kind of provision against accidents would be preferable to the present absence of all provision; but the balance of advantage seems to lie with the one here suggested.

#### SOUTH AFRICA.

IT is not surprising that the majority of Cape colonists regard the recall of Sir BARTLE FREERE as a proof of the indifference of the English Government to the interests of South Africa. If they were more familiar with home politics, they would understand that the shabby treatment of the late Governor and his subsequent dismissal were entirely attributable to motives of party convenience. Sir BARTLE FREERE had not deserved censure or punishment for any part of his policy except his deliberate attack on the Zulus, which had been afterwards condoned by the late and present Governments. His warlike policy provoked almost unanimous disapproval in England; but it was at the same time popular at the Cape, and perhaps in Natal, though it was justly condemned as unnecessary by the Lieutenant-Governor. The grave objections of ordinary Englishmen to a war of aggression and conquest were naturally strengthened by the disaster of Isandlana. The loss and discredit of a crushing defeat by uncivilized enemies far outweighed the alleged advantages of securing Natal and the Transvaal against the possible hostility of CETWAXO; but it must be admitted that Sir BARTLE FREERE's policy was ultimately crowned with success. To the official censures which he survived he appeared wholly indifferent. The Colonial Secretary ought to have understood from the High Commissioner's previous correspondence that his resolution to suppress the Zulu military

organization could only be counteracted by express orders from home, which were never given. After the event Sir BARTLE FREERE defended his conduct in the tone of an equal or superior, while Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was content to repeat the reasons which ought to have been exchanged for commands.

The Parliamentary Opposition condemned the Zulu war, as might be expected, in more uncompromising language. Some of the speakers on the subject conscientiously disapproved Sir BARTLE FREERE's policy; and the whole party willingly blamed the Government for becoming an accessory to the Zulu war after the fact. The annexation of the Transvaal was simultaneously denounced: but neither Sir BARTLE FREERE nor Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was responsible for the suppression of the Dutch Republic; and the leaders of the Opposition were at the time, for party reasons, unwilling to alienate a possible ally by attacking Lord CARNARVON. The Conservative Government, by rightly or wrongly retaining Sir BARTLE FREERE in office, deprived itself of future right to inflict retribution for his former acts. The half measure of transferring a part of the territory under his administration to the control of Sir GARNET WOLSELEY exhausted the right of censure and of punishment. The opportunity of dissociating the Imperial Government from the responsibility of the Zulu war might be thought to revive when his most active assailants succeeded to office, though the traditions of the great State departments properly favour a continuity of administrative policy. It may be conjectured that Lord KIMBERLEY, as the Minister directly in charge of colonial affairs, overruled at the time the wishes and intentions of Mr. GLADSTONE and his extreme colleagues. To Parliamentary interrogatories, it was answered that Sir BARTLE FREERE's influence would be useful in promoting Confederation; but the former critics of the Zulu war were naturally dissatisfied with a conventional excuse. The expediency of retaining his services might be plausibly questioned; but there is no doubt that, according to principle and precedent, the Government had by employing his services formally abdicated all moral right to penal recurrence to past transactions. As the independent Liberals in the House of Commons became more troublesome, the Ministers thought it prudent to give way, and with remarkable maladroitness they entrusted the duty of announcing and justifying their decision to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who was one of Sir BARTLE FREERE's most bitter opponents.

The division of the South African Government into two may have diminished the chances of Confederation; but the scheme appears to have been premature, as far as colonial opinion formed a principal element in the question. It will be useless to revive the proposal until it originates in the colonies, and especially until it is promoted by a majority at the Cape. Lord KIMBERLEY, a prudent and experienced statesman, will find, although projects of Confederation are in abeyance, full employment for all the energy which he can, in accordance with his other duties, devote to South African affairs. It will be chiefly necessary to take precautions against the revival of the Zulu power, and to consolidate the English administration of the Transvaal. The Cape is for the present well able to manage its own affairs; and the colony is about to try an instalment of Confederation by annexing an outlying province. The SECRETARY OF STATE has wisely refused to concede responsible government to Natal, where twenty thousand white settlers are surrounded by twenty times the number of natives. A provisional Constitution, which has not worked smoothly, is to be re-formed under the direction of the Colonial Office. The hasty settlement of Zululand by Sir GARNET WOLSELEY fails to inspire satisfaction or confidence in the neighbouring provinces. Like many other measures, the arrangement was dictated or controlled by political cant. Sir BARTLE FREERE, in undertaking the conquest of the country, fully intended to annex it as soon as he had suppressed opposition; but his official superiors, frightened by his ambitious policy and by the clamour which it had provoked, formally prohibited annexation, or, in other words, the establishment of regular and civilized government. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY had in executing his instructions perhaps no alternative to the strange project of dividing the country among a dozen chiefs of whom the most powerful is an English adventurer. As long as the tribes remain in their present isolation, they are powerless for mischief; but all the fighting men who

lately constituted a formidable army are still in the country, and if CETEWAYO were to escape from his necessary but undeserved imprisonment, they would perhaps join the chief whose predecessors formed a number of scattered communities into a nation. Sooner or later it will be impossible to shrink from the responsibility of civilizing and governing the vigorous population of Zululand. Squeamish scruples about annexation have a strong resemblance to cowardly dereliction of duty. When the proper time arrives, it may be hoped that Lord KIMBERLEY or his successors will not hesitate to reverse Sir GARNET WOLSELEY's extemporaneous settlement.

One of the few judicious acts of the present Government has been the official announcement that the annexation of the Transvaal is irrevocable. The decision is the more creditable because it has been formed in direct contradiction of some of Mr. GLADSTONE's most positive declarations. In this instance, as in his gratuitous quarrel with Austria, he has practically disregarded the pledges which he had given while he occupied "a position of less responsibility." He had specially mentioned Cyprus and the Transvaal as possessions acquired by crime, which were to be restored on the accession of a virtuous Government. Official writers now expatiate on the model which Cyprus offers to the East; and by consent which, but for Mr. COURTNEY, would be unanimous, the Transvaal will retain its English allegiance. The local demagogues who addressed Mr. GLADSTONE in denunciation of a supposed despotism exercised in the Transvaal must have been deeply disappointed when they perceived the change of language and of policy which befits a position of greater responsibility. There is little difference of opinion as to the mistake which was committed in forcibly assuming the Government of the Transvaal on the eve of its extremest need. In a few months or weeks the whole population would have invoked the protection of England, even if CETEWAYO had not at last resolved on attempting an easy conquest. As in many political transactions, that which ought never to have been begun becomes valid when it is done. Retirement from the Transvaal would be followed by civil war between the English settlers and the Boers; and if the English party proved to be the weaker, it would be impossible to withhold intervention. It may also have become a duty to protect the natives within the province who, having once acquired the character of English subjects, cannot fairly be remitted to slavery. When the Boers acquiesce in the government of their country by England they will be welcome to the enjoyment of local independence or management of their own affairs. In the meantime they are better governed than at any former time.

#### M. DE FREYCINET'S POLICY.

THE Paris Correspondent of the *Times* continues to be the principal exponent of M. DE FREYCINET's intentions, and on Thursday he gave the first precise account that has appeared of the relations between him and M. GAMBETTA. The President of the Chamber of Deputies was not, it seems, consulted before the delivery of the speech at Montauban. That speech was meant as a signal of revolt, or at least as a declaration of independence, and it is not usual to consult a sovereign before declaring yourself free of his allegiance. M. DE FREYCINET has made up his mind to pursue a given ecclesiastical policy, without regard to M. GAMBETTA's opinion of it. If M. GAMBETTA thinks it a wise one, it will be for him to support the PRIME MINISTER when the inevitable attack is made on him in the Chamber. If he thinks it an unwise one, it will be for him to initiate or take part in that attack. The *Times'* Correspondent does not profess to know which of these courses M. GAMBETTA proposes to take. Indeed, he inclines to the opinion that M. GAMBETTA does not know himself. The attack which he is supposed to inspire comes, the *Times'* Correspondent thinks, from men who hope to form part of the Cabinet that would succeed the present in the event of M. DE FREYCINET's fall, and in that character they are naturally anxious to bring his fall about. The sentiments they express are congruous with those which M. GAMBETTA has entertained in times past, and may be supposed to entertain still; and these writers hope to make this agreement the means of forcing M. GAMBETTA's hand. M. DE FREYCINET's move has not been governed by any prospect of M. GAMBETTA's support. He

means to meet and fight the Chamber when the Session opens whether M. GAMBETTA is for him or against him. He has discovered that his true place is at the head of a moderate Republican Ministry; and that, in order to retain this place, he must go no further in the direction of Radicalism. In the approaching struggle he will raise the moderate Republican flag, and stand or fall with it. If he obtains a majority, it will be a great victory for the cause he has espoused; great even if M. GAMBETTA supports M. DE FREYCINET, infinitely greater if he opposes him. If he falls he will still be in a position in which he may render great service to moderate Republicanism. He will be the first leader of a Republican Opposition under a Republican administration; the first ex-Minister about whose devotion to the Republic no question has ever been raised, who is at the same time willing and able to take office again if the country needs him. The conflict which is about to open could not have been delayed beyond the elections. But it makes all the difference to M. DE FREYCINET's position whether the battle is fought at the elections or before them. "If he goes on till the elections," says the *Times'* Correspondent, "he will then fall inevitably; he will even withdraw worn out without a chance of recovery." The meaning of this we take to be that, if the Cabinet goes on on the lines it has hitherto followed, it will have only Radical support to count on, and that is already booked to more pronounced Radicals; consequently M. DE FREYCINET's only chance is to identify himself at once with moderate Republican ideas. If it should turn out that the Chamber is willing to support him in doing this, the elections will be decided on a wholly different issue. Instead of a Radical Cabinet asking discontented Radicals whether it has gone far enough, there will be a moderate Cabinet calling upon moderates flushed with un hoped-for success to make good the advantage they have so unexpectedly attained. If, on the other hand, the Chamber should prefer to defeat M. DE FREYCINET, he will march out of office with all the honours of war. He will have made it clear to moderate Republicans all over the country that so soon as the materials for a moderate Republican Opposition can be got together there is a leader waiting to take the command.

As regards the abstract force of this reasoning there can be no question. A moderate Republican Opposition has long been a principal need for France; and as every party which is to make anything like a fight must have leaders as well as followers, M. DE FREYCINET's offer of himself as a candidate for the former position is a step in the right direction. It must be confessed, however, that it is at present a step which surprises us nearly as much as DAVID's desire to fight GOLIATH surprised SAUL. The very fact that it should be open to M. DE FREYCINET to take such a step is sufficient evidence that he will have M. GAMBETTA as an opponent. If it were not so M. GAMBETTA would himself be preparing to take the command of the moderate Republicans. It may be assumed that M. GAMBETTA has no intention of abdicating in M. DE FREYCINET's favour, and consequently, if M. DE FREYCINET is to play the part assigned him by the *Times'* Correspondent, it must be because M. GAMBETTA is not disposed to play it. This means, that is, preparing to play another—the part of leader of the advanced Republicans—and in this character he will necessarily be opposed to M. DE FREYCINET. In short, the "Jacobin Cabinet" which M. DE FREYCINET, according to the *Times'* Correspondent, is one day to replace—or, at all events, aim at replacing—will be a Cabinet either presided over or inspired by M. GAMBETTA. If this is really M. DE FREYCINET's calculation, he certainly knows how to play a waiting game.

The doubts suggested by this account of M. DE FREYCINET's plans have no reference either to the importance of the end he is alleged to propose to himself, or to his own personal fitness for accomplishing what he has undertaken. M. DE FREYCINET seems to have clearly and accurately put before himself what it is that the country needs, and the ability to do this is in itself a testimony to his possession of the faculties which under favourable conditions might enable a Minister to give the country what it needs. But then the presence or absence of favourable conditions is an all important consideration, and it is difficult to see any symptoms of their presence in the France of to-day? The operation of moderate and Conservative principles in France is one of the most perplexing of political problems. These principles exist, and in the long run they invariably make themselves felt. Jacobinism has its day, and then

it makes way for some other theory at once more commonplace and more constructive. But it is impossible to count on these principles for any given contest. Some day or other they will manifest themselves again, but there is no reason to suppose that this manifestation will come in answer to a specific call, however loud. If M. DE FREYCINET hopes to form a moderate Republican Opposition destined in time to displace the Radical Ministry, and to govern France in accordance with moderate ideas, he must hope to find in the great majority of French constituencies a body of voters who are at once reasonable and hopeful. If they are not reasonable, they will not be moderate Republicans. Their conservatism will more naturally take some reactionary shape, and be identified with some dethroned dynasty. If they are not hopeful, they may wish for the victory of moderate Republicanism, but they will think it useless to fight for it. They will go on submitting to the Radicals till submission becomes intolerable, and then they will put themselves into the hands of the first Royalist or Imperial or military adventurer who promises to give them security for life and property. The formation of a moderate Republican Opposition demands qualities that have not yet shown themselves among Frenchmen under the Third Republic. There has been a good deal of talk about the need for such an Opposition, and the danger of allowing the issue to be invariably stated to the country as though it lay exclusively between the Republic and the Reaction. But all this talk has brought the satisfaction of the want no nearer. The Conservative party in France is still identified with Royalty, with Imperialism, with Monarchy in some form, never with the Republic. It is true that M. DUBAURE has always combined in his own person the two characters of Republican and Conservative; but M. DUBAURE has had no followers. He may influence at critical moments the votes of a small number of Senators, but there is no DUBAURE party. Consequently M. DE FREYCINET has all the work to do. He has to create the place he proposes to fill and the party he proposes to lead. That is a very serious undertaking at the best of times, and when it has to be pursued in direct antagonism to M. GAMBETTA, its success seems to recede further and further into the future. M. DE FREYCINET must know his countrymen better than any foreigner can know them, and he may see in that element of moderate Conservatism, which every one admits to exist, a disposition to rally to Republican leadership which has hitherto passed unnoticed. It is to be hoped that his vision is accurate as well as hopeful, or his chances of victory will be exceedingly small.

#### LANDLORDISM IN BENGAL.

IT has often been observed that there is a strongly-marked analogy between the problems of the Irish administration and those with which the Government of India has to deal. In both countries there is a population almost exclusively agricultural in its pursuits, and bound by the strong tie of traditional sentiment to the soil which it tills and the hereditary groove of life in which for generations it has moved. In both there are large sections of society dangerously near to complete destitution; in both the vicissitudes of season involve occasional calamities which neither the resources of the people nor the ordinary machinery of State relief suffice to meet; in both, it may be added, the British Government has introduced considerable modifications into the previously existing land-tenures of the country, and is now confronted with results of those modifications which the political foresight of a former generation failed to anticipate, but which the statesmanship of the present day cannot venture to ignore. It is, perhaps, more than an accidental coincidence that, at the very moment when the land-laws of Ireland are an absorbing topic in the English Legislature, the Government of India should be called to consider the Report of an official Committee who for months past have been endeavouring to devise a remedy for the very grave evils incidental to the land-tenures of Bengal.

In order to understand these evils, it is necessary to review the course of events which has led to the existing state of things. Everywhere in India the earliest British administrators found in existence a prescriptive system under which the actual occupant of the soil was bound to pay to the ruling power a share of its profits. The amount

of this share varied in each case with the necessity and the moderation of the Government and the submissiveness of the people. In numerous instances the whole or a portion of the Government share was assigned to individuals, sometimes in consideration of feudal military service, sometimes as a political reward, sometimes as a device for enforcing payment from a turbulent population. In the later and decrepit period of Moghul rule great abuses had crept in, and every sort of exaction had been practised alike by the officers of Government and those to whom the State's share of profits in various parts of the country had been assigned. Lord CORNWALLIS and his colleagues were deeply impressed by the evils to which these irregularities gave rise, in regard both to the happiness of the people and the resources of the State. A third of the Company's territory, he wrote in 1783, was jungle, inhabited only by wild beasts. No one would undertake the risk of reclaiming the land when he had no guarantee that he would be allowed to enjoy any portion of its profits. The only remedy, it was considered, was to fix once for all the proportion of the State demand, and thus assure to the occupants of the soil any margin of profit to which their improvements and reclamations might give rise. The scheme by which this was to be effected was to invest certain of the higher revenue officials and assignees of the State share with quasi-proprietary rights, making them, on the one hand, responsible for the Government revenue (which was fixed at nine-tenths of their gross receipts), and, on the other, prescribing the amount which they were to levy from the cultivators, who thus became in a certain sense their tenants. Unfortunately this scheme was but partially understood and imperfectly carried out. In the first place, instead of a fixed proportion of the profits of the soil being reserved to the State, as the Board of Directors originally suggested, the Indian authorities declared a fixed sum as the permanent Government claim; and, in the next, while the sum for which the superior holders became responsible to Government was clearly ascertained and rigidly defined, the arrangements for securing a corresponding limitation of the sums payable by the cultivators proved wholly inadequate, and broke down so completely as to be almost from the outset abandoned. This flaw in the scheme was speedily recognized and denounced in no measured terms alike by the English Board and the Indian officials, who laid down, over and over again, the principle that the intention of the Permanent Settlement was to confer on the cultivators just as secure an enjoyment of their rights as that of the superior holders of theirs; and that the one class should be as secure from arbitrary exactions as the other. These good intentions, however, were baffled by the difficulties of the case, the uncertainties which were found to beset the question of rent whenever an attempt was made to define it; the steady resistance which a powerful, interested class was able to offer to any measure which tended to restrict its privileges. The natural tendency consequently has been for the rights of the superior holders to harden gradually into absolute unqualified proprietorship, a position which the framers of the Permanent Settlement assuredly never contemplated; and, on the other hand, for the inferior holders to sink to the level of rack-rented tenants at will, holding at competition rents, and subject to every exaction for which their resourceless condition, ignorance and submissive temperament, and the lawlessness and greed of their oppressors, have afforded opportunity. These evils have continually attracted notice, and have been guarded against by a long series of legislative precautions, none of which, to the discredit of the Bengal Government it must be said, have in any sort of way attained their desired end. It has thus come about that the landlord class in Bengal has absorbed almost the whole of the vast increase of the profits of the soil, to which the improvements of a century have given rise. When the Permanent Settlement was effected, the revenue was fixed at 2½ millions sterling on an estimated rental of 3½ millions—that is, the landlords were supposed to pay over to Government the whole of their receipts except three-fourths of a million. At present the land revenue is 3½ millions, but the gross rental has increased to over 13 millions. The landlords' share has thus grown from 750,000*l.* to a sum which is returned as 10 millions, but is probably a great deal more, while the cultivators are among the least prosperous in India. Especial attention was directed to the impoverished condition of the tenants in the westerly districts of Bengal, known as Behar, by an official inquiry, instituted

in 1875, into the effects of the drought of the preceding year. The result of this investigation was to establish the conclusion that the condition of the tenantry was in every way deplorable, that the provisions of the law for their protection were systematically defied by the landlords, that every sort of high-handed oppression was practised in open day, with the cognizance, and sometimes with the complicity, of officials who were either too unscrupulous to notice illegalities practised by the rich against the poor, or too indolent and timid to insist on a strict observance of a law which the upper classes found it convenient to break. Since that time the subject has been undergoing the prolonged investigation and discussion which its difficulty and importance demanded, and the Report, to which reference has already been made, is the final outcome of the inquiries and deliberations, so far as they have advanced.

The proposals contained in this Report, which we regard as one of the most important State papers ever submitted to the Indian Government, would require a very extensive examination. For the present it will suffice to say that one of them is for the abolition of the law of distraint, an importation from England which has given rise to great oppression; and that another is in favour of the creation throughout Bengal of a rent-standard, such as was supposed by the founders of the Permanent Settlement to be already in existence, but which, if it ever was in existence, successfully defied all attempts at its discovery. The creation of such a standard, or, to put it in a less offensive manner, the ascertainment and declaration of customary rent, to which landlords will be bound to conform, is of course a bold interference with the rights of landlordism; but it is not greater than the historical antecedents of the Bengal proprietors would justify, and it is probably not too stringent a remedy for the inveterate maladies which for a century past have been corroding the prosperity of the agricultural classes in Bengal. These have been recently brought before the English public, in a somewhat intemperate and exaggerated *brochure* of a Bengal official, whose Irish blood was naturally fired by the oppressions which the Behar landlords have been allowed too long to practise with impunity. Mr. O'DONNELL is a brother of the Irish member of that name, and, apparently, was born a Home Ruler. He speaks, however, with the weight of several years' official experience of the evils which he condemns, and the violence of his language ought not to blind us to the reality and the seriousness of the administrative shortcomings against which it is directed. It is a curious illustration, however, of the supposed despotic inclinations of the Indian Government toward freedom of speech that a subordinate officer should, without apparently the least apprehension of evil consequences to himself, venture to address to the SECRETARY OF STATE a communication in which every Indian official, from the late Viceroy downwards, is criticized with absolute outspokenness, and State sins of omission and commission are denounced with a vehemence more becoming an Irish obstructionist than a somewhat obscure member of a well-disciplined and well-mannered official community. It will be satisfactory to Mr. O'DONNELL on his return to India to know that the wrongs against which he hurled his invective are fully recognized by the higher authorities, have been long and patiently considered, and that remedies as searching as any that he would venture to propose have been actually recommended by a Committee of the local Legislature, comprising a High Court Judge and several of the chief provincial officials. None the less is it discreditable that such reproaches should be possible. On one point we find, indeed, the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR himself confirming the worst of Mr. O'DONNELL's accusations. In commenting on the depressed condition of the tenantry on a large estate, which had been for years under the management of the Court of Wards (the Indian Court of Chancery), Sir AHSLEY EDEN observed that there had been "in years gone by, under the Court of Wards, the same kind of rack-renting, the same ignoring of ryot-right, the same unwillingness to recognize occupancy tenures, the same resort to illegal restraint that have been found and condemned in every district in Behar." Such an admission from such a witness is enough to convict the Bengal Government of a remissness which, for the credit of English administration, it would, it may be hoped, be difficult to find a parallel. That such abuses should exist is bad enough; that they should be countenanced, and even practised by

high officials, is a disgrace which, we sincerely trust, Sir AHSLEY EDEN will take measures for effacing with the least possible delay. The same views are urged by a member of the Committee, Mr. O'KINEALY, in a memorandum, which for diligence of research, calm reasoning, and skilful array of obscure and perplexing facts is a perfect model of controversial writing. He reckons that the rent now exacted from the Bengal ryot is  $8\frac{1}{4}$  millions sterling in excess of that to which, in accordance with the intentions of the Permanent Settlement, the landlords are entitled. Capitalizing this sum at twenty years' purchase, he points out that the huge sum of 165 millions have been wrested from the ryots and conferred on the Zemindars, "who still cry for more." "What large portions of this enormous income are squandered by mismanagement, extravagance, and want of self-restraint may be gathered by a reference to the Report on Wards' Estates for 1877-80 and other years. "During the last few years Government has spent crores on famine. Every administration report since 1873 dwells on the bad feeling existing, and the riots and murders which have occurred through disputes between landlords and tenants. An Act to prevent agrarian disturbances had to be passed, and a Committee appointed to inquire why the ryots in Behar had abandoned their holdings and fled to Nepal. It appears to me that there is every indication that the people in Bengal are, at least in parts, so near the extreme limit of self-support that very little more will compel the Government to expend large sums in relief, impose a poor-law, or hold a cadastral survey of the whole province, and record, once for all, the rights of the people before they are swept away." This is a very grave description. The measures proposed by the Committee by way of remedy open a further question.

#### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FARMERS.

IF the English farmer is in the position of a man whose one desire is to know the worst that can befall him so that he may set to work to meet it, he cannot be congratulated on the Report which Mr. READ and Mr. PELL have prepared for the Agricultural Commission. That Report does not make the prospects of English agriculture either for good or evil at all more assured than they were before its appearance. It rather suggests that the conclusions so generally formed as regards the influence which American competition is to exercise upon the destiny of English farmers are a little premature. The facts upon which they were founded are all true, but they are not quite the whole truth. Mr. READ and Mr. PELL were as much impressed as every other recent traveller has been by the enormous advantages which the American farmers enjoy. But they were a little more impressed than some recent travellers have been by certain counterbalancing disadvantages which he has to put up with. The ointment is uncommonly good, and the pot is overflowing, but there are suspicions of a fly here and there which may yet make itself unpleasantly prominent. Everybody knows what nature has done for the benefit of the American farmer. He has a soil to till which, though it must in the end be subject to exhaustion, shows no signs of undergoing it for years—perhaps for generations—to come. "The accumulated vegetable deposits of centuries and the untold number of grass crops that burn and rot upon the prairies" form a capital which is not easily run through. There is nothing in the Report perhaps which will so move the envy of the English farmer as the circumstance that in the West manure is simply a nuisance. When the accumulations of it become very large, the farm buildings are pulled down and put up again elsewhere. As there are no means of disposing of the manure, the only thing to do is to get away from it. It is a further good feature in the case that maize, which is even a more profitable crop than wheat, answers the purpose of root crops in England. It enriches the soil as well as the farmer, and enables wheat to be grown again in land which has shown signs of giving out. The excellence of the soil is enhanced by the presence of conditions which make its cultivation exceedingly easy. The surface is level, and there are no stones. The latter circumstance is one of great value where machinery is concerned. Steam ploughs, even in America, are too costly to make their destruction a trifling matter, and stones can do a good deal in the way of destroying them.

All these things go far to make America an agricultural paradise; but, in spite of them, the Western farmer is a less fortunate person than the farmers of the golden age. They had neither severe winters, dangerous droughts, injurious insects, nor a short supply of water; the subject of Mr. READ and Mr. PELL's Report has all four. "Winter is a period of almost complete cessation from work for man and beast on an American farm. The horses and mules then lay on flesh against the lengthening days, and the men either take to drinking or school, or possibly go lumbering." None of these methods of getting rid of the time bring in any profit to the farmer. Droughts are in some seasons exceedingly prolonged, and under a burning sun they develop extraordinary powers of doing mischief. As regards insects, the reader of Mr. READ and Mr. PELL's Report is tempted to wonder that they allow any crops to be raised. The injuries committed by locusts in the States west of the Mississippi from 1873 to 1876 were so great and continuous that a conference of State Governors was held in 1876, and resulted in the appointment of a permanent Entomological Commission. This Commission has collected a large number of facts relating to the locusts and their habits; but it has not led to any diminution in their numbers or voracity. In Texas they occasionally lie on the railroads in such heaps that the trains have to be stopped in order to clear the track. In Missouri in 1875 whole counties were as bare of vegetation at the end of May as in the middle of winter. In Kansas the sun is darkened by their flight, and the ground burned as if by a fire. In Dakota they are described as coming down like a snow-storm, and sweeping every green thing off the surface of the State. The absence of water over large tracts of land which, but for this, would be admirably fitted for the raising of cattle is a drawback which is yearly becoming more serious as the competition for water-rights increases and a better class of stock—which suffers more than the native cattle for want of water—is introduced. The authors of the Report do not attempt to weigh these advantages and disadvantages against one another. Their inquiry was not exhaustive enough to enable them to do so to any useful purpose; and, as regards some of them, only experience can show which has the best of it. When, however, every allowance has been made for the qualifications which this Report has introduced into the too uniformly favourable estimate of the agricultural future of America which has lately been taken in this country, there is much for the English farmer to lay to heart. Notwithstanding the drawbacks which seem so formidable when read about, the production of corn and cattle in America is enormous and increasing. What is lost in one State is saved in another, and the balance of produce available for export seems never to fall below a minimum which seems terribly large to the imagination of an English farmer.

If agriculture in England were organized as other great industries are organized, it would stand a better chance of making head against this rivalry. It cannot be doubted that there are many crops which can be raised to much greater advantage near the consumer than at a distance from him, and some which cannot be raised to advantage at all except near the consumer. The future success of English farming will largely depend upon the acuteness with which these crops are discovered, the promptitude with which they are cultivated, and the energy with which arrangements are made for opening and supplying markets in which to sell them. If we were dealing with a manufacturing industry, we should have little doubt that all these qualities would be forthcoming. It is in these ways that English enterprise has become successful and famous in every corner of the world. As yet, however, English farmers have not been greatly distinguished either by energy or invention. They go on in the tracks to which they are accustomed, and are little given to strike out new ones. Where circumstances are friendly, this is a sure way of making money. The bird in the hand is always to be had, and to wander in search of birds in the bush is only to sacrifice certain gains to the hope of attaining problematical gains. But when the bird in the hand is no longer to be counted on the law of the situation changes. The man who goes furthest afield, and searches most bushes, then becomes the man who is most likely to make a bag. It is just the same with the English farmer. He is now in want of the very qualities which hitherto he has plumed himself on not possessing. Farming, which has heretofore been among the

most traditional and steadygoing of employments, now promises to become an employment in which a man need have his eyes and his ears constantly open, and be for ever seeking for means and opportunities of trying new experiments. When this necessity has presented itself to English manufacturers, they have always answered the demand. Not an opening for trade has been left uninvestigated, nor a means of turning loss into profit left untried. The same power of meeting new exigencies may yet be found to exist in English farmers. They come of the same race as the manufacturers; it is only their training and antecedents that are different; and training and antecedents are, after all, influences that may be overcome. Unfortunately, farmers have not the same opportunities that manufacturers have of opening out new sources of profit; and there are fewer large employers in proportion to the whole number, and consequently fewer examples of genuine and successful business skill. Added to this, there are the facts that the percentage of farmers who have not capital enough to profit by the examples which are afforded them is very large, and that the most inaccurate notions are still prevalent as to the amount and kinds of knowledge which success requires. Farming is still too often regarded as a kind of refuge in which men, who have failed in, or are not sharp enough for, other trades, may hope to make a living. In the old days, this view was, to some extent, true. When a farmer was always sure of a market for his produce he could manage to get along with very few advantages beyond the possession of the soil in which produce of some sort might be raised. Now that a market—in the sense of a place in which produce may be sold at a profit—is a thing which no English farmer can certainly count upon, the old conclusions will no longer hold water. Even with energy, skill, and capital at his command, the farmer may be ruined for want of the luck or discernment which enables him to determine what is the right produce to raise. There is nothing in the future of English farming to make its friends despair; but there is much to fill them with anxiety lest the farmer should fail to realize—as he must realize them if he is to make two ends meet—the new conditions under which he will in future have to work.

#### FOREIGN NAVIES.

THE general public at home has not had till now an opportunity of studying any detailed statement with regard to the navies of foreign Powers so as to understand what is their separate numerical force; what the aggregate force of certain combinations; and proximately what value may attach to particular ships, and with what special object in view these have severally been designed. We have been used so long to read in the papers that a ship, always more quaint and eccentric than the last, and usually more formidable, has been launched from some foreign dockyard that we pay little attention to the circumstance. But the news comes very often now, and from many quarters, and the number of such vessels year by year grows, so that for our peace and quietness, if not our safety, it behoves us to have our eyes open to what is going on around. In the volume just issued of the *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution* will be found "a comprehensive statement of the armoured and unarmoured vessels on the effective list of the navies of all naval Powers." This statement, though on some points meagre in detail, as might be expected in a compilation attempted for the first time in England, has much interest; and a perusal will not fail to impress readers with the reality of the efforts certain Powers are making to show a formidable front upon the ocean. And beyond this it must be remembered that peoples are arming whose disposition towards us, formerly of little moment, must in the altered circumstances of the time now be taken into careful account.

When we wish to know the why and wherefore of the creation of a powerful navy by any foreign Power, we have only to find an answer to such questions as the following—Does this Power own valuable colonies? What is the extent of its commercial interests over the seas, and has it a large mercantile marine? Has it, on its own coast-line, important interests to defend? What is its traditional foreign policy? We may then proceed to examine what kind of relation the strength and character of its naval armaments bears to its legitimate exigencies. All countries—and especially those which, like our own, are open to attack all round, or have much to lose—are justified in regarding with suspicion the creation by any one country of a war fleet out of proportion to the interests it has to guard, and particularly if the composition of such fleet betrays the aggressive designs of its promoters. There is a palpable difference between a navy created for offence and one designed for the protection of local interests. It would not be easy to say of the army of any nation that, by its organization and training, it was framed with a view rather to attack a neighbour

than to stand on its own ground. With a navy it is different. We can, when furnished with the capacity, armament, and speed of any vessel, declare to a nicety for what special purpose it was designed. If, for instance, a Power which has few or no outlying possessions fits out heavily-armed "fighting cruisers," having great speed and able to spread a wide area of canvas, we gather that these are intended to prey upon an enemy's commerce, to keep the sea for a long time perhaps in distant waters. As we cannot prescribe to nations what they shall build and not build, our business is to catalogue their constructions and take appropriate precautions.

We will now cite a few facts about these foreign navies. It will be accepted that we avoid as much as possible entering into technical details, our limits not allowing of an attempt to measure the value of different systems of construction and armament. And, in fact, no two officers in any country seem agreed as to the best build or method of armouring or arming battle-ships, or as to which will prove the weapon of the future, or what battle formation gives most advantages with any given number of vessels. The field is delightfully open to speculation and ingenious theory. It has often struck us that the Italians are in advance of all other peoples in knowing exactly what they want and in making corresponding provision. They have not much money to devote to ironclads; so, setting their wits to work, they drew the logical inference that, as year after year has found naval authorities in every country adding on an additional inch to broadside armour or a couple of inches to turret armour, it would be an economy if they anticipated the development of two or three years. And, as every year has witnessed the growth of guns, as by a process of nature, it occurred to them to forestall the normal increase of some years, and to arm their new turret-batteries with guns of incomparable power. The consequence of their action in both these respects is that the Italians have in the *Dulio* and *Dandolo* vessels which, after every deduction has been made for their several unmistakable faults, would each of them in all probability cripple hopelessly or send to the bottom any ship now sailing in the English, French, or any other navy. We are aware that one of our most scientific writers makes light of vessels with ponderous turrets and colossal guns, and considers a proper reply to one of these would be to build for the same money ten small ships, each carrying a 38-ton gun; and these ten are to combine and crush the monster. We are happy to think that, instead of adopting this course, the *Inflexible* was constructed as a reply to the *Dandolo*. For, if we build ten small ships to circumvent the monster, the monster's owners may also build ten similar ones to meet them, and meanwhile the monster will have her own way; for, did we take as long to build future *Inflexibles* as we have taken about the present one—not even now ready—a war would have ended and our naval power, so far as it depended upon them, have vanished ere we had launched one. By the time we have commissioned the *Inflexible* and the French their *Amiral Duperré*—the armour of each of which in the strongest part is about twenty-two inches thick—the Italians will be ready with two ships yet more heavily armoured than the *Dulio* and *Dandolo*—namely, the *Lepanto* and the *Italia*, those tremendous vessels of which we have spoken before. They are barbette ships, having three feet of steel and iron in the thickest part. So far as the result of a combat would depend upon impenetrability of turret-armour and crushing-power of gun, it is evident that the French and ourselves together would stand an indifferent chance with any four selected turret, barbette, or broadside ships against the four Italian ones we have named. And that the result would in large measure depend on those qualifications is certainly the opinion of the majority of experienced judges in—to name but three countries—England, France, and Italy.

The Italians seem to have shrewdly taken the measure of their position and its possibilities. They aspire naturally to be a considerable Mediterranean Power, and they intend to show their flag in the Adriatic on at least equal terms with the Austrians. They have a long line of coast and valuable harbours to defend, are troubled with the care of no distant possessions, nor is their mercantile marine of the first importance, and what money they spend on their navy must be well invested. That is how they stand. To meet their requirements they must have in their judgment a few powerful ships for the shock of battle—the best of their kind. These they are careful to construct, as we have it on the authority of their Minister of Marine, "with a distinct tactical object." It would be a great mistake to speak of the new Italian ships as being experiments; we have already seen they were constructed in anticipation of inevitable development. The rest of their navy is principally composed of heavy monitors for coast and harbour defence, with gunboats, drawing little water, suitable for the shallows of the Adriatic.

France is incontestably our principal rival on the seas. After the disasters of the last war the sums devoted annually to the navy were in large part diverted for the re-formation and armament of that first of French necessities—a great army. But, in spite of this, and in spite of having grievously erred in plastering iron plates upon more or less ancient wooden hulls, and notwithstanding their having too often followed our somewhat meagre initiative, the French can show a very formidable fleet. With them the maintenance of a grand navy is a tradition, and one in which we think it must be admitted there is a strong admixture of ambition. They do not construct a vast marine simply because they once owned great colonies and contested with us the supremacy of the ocean. We cannot allow their present colonial pos-

sessions to be of importance sufficient to justify the creation of such a fleet as they have it in contemplation to possess when their programme is completed. The character of the ships recently launched and in course of building abundantly indicates the designs of their promoters. While the coasts and harbours are being furnished with new land batteries, to be supplemented by floating batteries and torpedoes; and for the battle shock a numerous array of most powerful vessels in the guise of barbette, turret, or battery ships, is in process of development, a perhaps for us yet more dangerous class is forthcoming in the "fighting cruiser." Of such the *Magon* just launched is a type. She is one of ten recently built, and which correspond pretty closely with our "C" corvettes, being, however, of greater tonnage and spreading more canvas. These cruisers are unarmoured, and are designed with three special ideas—to be rapid goers, to carry a large quantity of coal, and to be able to economize fuel by utilizing their large sail-power. Their armament varies from twelve to twenty-one guns of different calibres, and their speed, taking the average, is about sixteen knots. In addition to these ten there are eight-and-twenty other cruisers, most of which have highly respectable qualities of speed, capacity, and armament. Altogether the French have, afloat or building, one iron and steel barbette ship; two steel barbette ships; four iron and steel battery ships; four smaller barbette ships; seven iron and steel turret ships; three iron and steel smaller turret vessels; two iron broadside ships; one iron monitor; seven iron small floating batteries; six battery ships (wooden hulls armoured); eleven smaller of the same class, having good speed; ten broadside vessels (wooden hulls armoured); five "special" ships, armoured, and probably capable of taking their place in line of battle; thirty-eight cruisers; and twelve gun-vessels. This list, already striking enough, is intended to become eventually much more formidable. "The soul of a good defence," wrote the late Major Charles Adams, "lies in well-judged offence"; and certainly the navy of France seems to have been constructed with the design on occasion of illustrating the force of this axiom.

Germany labours under a like disadvantage with Italy. While both are ambitious of being stronger at sea than they are, neither one can afford the necessary outlay. They both spend so much on their army, they have little money, comparatively speaking, to give to the sister force. The big Italian turret vessels far exceed in strength and gun force any the Germans can show; but the remainder of their armoured ships rank below that of the other Power. They are neither so strong nor so well armed, and fall far behind in speed. The Germans have endeavoured to give as nearly as possible a similar rate of going to all their battle fleet. There is no quality so absolutely essential as that of speed in a modern war-ship; and no squadron can expect to manoeuvre with success against an enemy where the several ships have not only good speed but the power of attaining approximately the same rate of speed. The character of the German navy may, as with the others, be plainly gathered from its composition. The larger vessels are designed for battle shocks, not for floating in harbours assisting in their defence; there are no monitors; the safety of dockyards and harbours will be the care of land batteries, torpedoes, and sunken mines; while for operating on the highways of commerce the Germans, like the French, have a considerable number of fighting cruisers carrying from eight to sixteen guns of various calibres, and having a speed of from fifteen to sixteen knots. They evidently do not intend in their next war to allow their navy to adopt the unaggressive attitude which it was through weakness almost driven to maintain in 1870. Small as it is compared with that of England and France, the fleet is distinctly designed with a view to aggressive action.

Austria is yet another Power with not too much money to spare for its marine. We are therefore the more surprised to find the experimental principle persisted in through so many years in the shape of adding on an inch of armour, half a knot of speed, a little more gun-power. With our vast marine and abundance of money we are in a manner condemned to experimentalize for the benefit of others besides ourselves, and yet we find ourselves following the lead of others. We built the *Inconstant* after an American model, and the *Inflexible* was intended, as we said, for a rival to the *Dandolo*. The few unarmoured frigates and corvettes in the Austrian List, though of quite recent construction, have far less speed than the corresponding class in other navies. In the number of line-of-battle ships, in their armament and speed, the Austrians may be taken to rank somewhat below the Germans. Their navy is probably designed with the single purpose of contesting with Italy on occasion the championship of the Adriatic.

Of sea-going ironclads Russia has but five, none of them calling for particular comment. She is better circumstanced as regards armoured ships capable of fighting in home waters; but most of these are of not very recent date, and their plating and armament are quite second class. The impression made by the circular ironclads on their first appearance has not been strengthened by all we hear of their performances on the water. In the event of war, we are far more likely to suffer damage at Russian hands from cruisers, those free lances of the seas, than from all the ironclads put together. In addition to two "belted cruisers" and seven others, there are twelve "purchased cruisers," with which we have had some cause to become acquainted, and which are credited with possessing fine speed.

Spain, always first where nature and generally last where art is concerned, has a long coast line, some admirable harbours,

and owns colonies worth fighting for, but has not a single armoured ship which need detain us, and only one or two vessels with moderate pretensions. She possesses a few gunboats of recent build.

Turkey still shows fairly to the front. She is far and away ahead of Russia, owning as she does no less than ten battery-ships with 6, 9, and 12-inch armour, as well as four broadside ships of more antique pattern. She has also a turret-ship, a monitor, and some river batteries, but no fighting cruisers of the new type. America has eighteen monitors, none of which are of later date than 1865, and five cruisers. One incontestable advantage the Americans have is that while other nations have sunk untold millions on experiments continually getting obsolete, they have their money in their pockets, at the same time that they keenly watch the progress of naval development elsewhere. Should they become entangled in war, they will doubtless know how, with their immeasurable resources and sharp intelligence, to improvise something worth fighting with; and, in the first instance, will certainly direct their efforts to the enterprising trade of privateering.

We may pass over Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, with the observation that their navies seem altogether designed for defensive purposes.

Most persons, if asked offhand, which Power, were France at war with us, could she most profitably associate with herself for naval enterprise, would probably reply Germany, or Russia, the United States, or might be Italy. It would surprise such to learn that, after France, the Power most capable of doing us damage is the little kingdom of Holland. "In the politics of Europe," says Captain P. H. Colomb, in his admirable Naval Prize Essay for 1878, "there seems to me no change more perilous to England than that which would attach Holland to the German Empire" (or France, for that matter) "in a war between it and the British nation." In the East, Holland menaces the Straits of Sunda and of Malacca, those two narrow channels through which the trains of goods must pass and repass to and from China and Japan. "Issuing from her ports from Acheen in Sumatra to Koepang in Timor," she would threaten our commercial route, some three thousand miles long, lying between Point de Galle and the Australian ports. Not only is Holland, by her colonial possessions, geographically situated for interfering with our commerce, but she is gathering together a formidable war fleet. In addition to her Indian establishment, which comprises "fighting cruisers" and gun-vessels—the very classes from which our merchant fleets passing close by have most to dread—there is the home navy. It is made up of six turret-ships, well armoured, well armed, and having fair steam-power; thirteen monitors, many of which are of recent construction; six armoured gunboats, lately launched; and twelve "fighting cruisers," having generally a speed of fifteen knots, and armed with from four to ten guns. On the list of both the home and the Indian navy there is a large number of older-fashioned and smaller vessels than the above.

We do not purpose here either to catalogue or classify the complex list of the armed shipping of Great Britain; and there is no need to point out again, as we have pointed out before, that its deficiencies are mainly due, not to any shortcomings on the part of the Admiralty, but to the fact that sufficient money is not voted to maintain such a navy as this country ought to possess. We desire only to inquire what practical deductions may be drawn from the knowledge we possess of the character and quantity of the navies of potential adversaries and from a comparison of our relative geographical positions in their widest sense. It has been said that several Powers, beyond providing a sufficient marine for the defence of home interests, successively create more and more formidable instruments of aggression; and that, in case of rupture with one or more of these, expeditions might be attempted against some of our colonies, raids upon our commerce frequenting all the great trade thoroughfares of the sea, and attacks upon our coal depôts abroad. On one point all writers, however else they may differ, are thoroughly agreed—namely, that if a hostile navy obtained and retained command of the sea, driving off our commerce, we should be eventually starved into submission. Our possessions are scattered over the area of the entire ocean; the dominion of the great majority of other peoples is concentrated in one compact territorial mass. France, Spain, Holland, and Portugal have each a few far distant colonies; but they are nearly all isolated holdings, bearing, save perhaps those of Spain and Holland, no measurable comparison with "the marvellous constellation of naval stations with which Great Britain has spangled the ocean." It would appear, then, that a Power in conflict with England would have little to lose compared with the vast field the latter offers to powerful enterprise, and that a well-organized expedition might attempt, with every chance of success, to deal us a damaging blow in one or other quarter of the horizon. And if our chain of posts along the seas is broken, the supplies for coaling our ships are cut off, and the ships themselves driven away, and commerce on that route is extinguished. In the multiplicity, however, of our possessions lies our strength. Everywhere, except in that zone of the Pacific which was spoken of in the last number of the *Saturday Review*, we command either an island, or a small strip on the shore of a continent, or a mere rock in the ocean, upon or near every commercial highway and within moderate distances of each other; and in such places we have or may have coaling stations. As no other nation has similar advantages, and as steamers depend for their fighting value absolutely upon their supply of fuel, it follows we should start, or ought to start, in any

imaginable war with the strategical conditions immensely in our favour. It is true there are some exceptions to this state of things. The Dutch, as we observed, might menace our Chinese and Indo-Australian trade; the French might threaten from Saigon, the line Singapore-Hong Kong, and, from Bourbon and Nossi-Bé and St. Marie, trade passing by the Red Sea to the Mauritius and beyond; the Spaniards might also vex our China trade from Manila; and, looking westwards, America; but America only might have as good a chance of attacking as we of defending our commercial interests in that quarter. We must, however, presume an unlikely and indeed unnatural combination against us, to suppose that on any given line we can find ourselves in a distinctly inferior position for defence. And in any other case we are so far stronger than any individual Power, or at least we have so many more ships to dispose of, that, by good arrangements, we might rely upon being able to effect a superior concentration on the line most open to attack. It follows from our command of a chain of coaling stations that our fleets may rely generally, and should rely, upon being able to use steam and may dispense proportionately with sail; conversely the ships of other Powers, not being able to pick up coal at convenient intervals, must perforce economize fuel and employ more sail. This is why the French have provided that their fighting cruisers may spread a large area of canvas. And the mistake we have committed is to furnish many steam ships with sail-power to such an extent as seriously to interfere with their capacity for coal stowage. Rather, we should say, this error is merely the result of a previous one in that we have neglected to utilize various convenient sites as coal depôts; and others, where we have coal stored, are only half secured or not fortified at all. We have, therefore, feared to rely too much on being able to replenish our coal bunkers at will.

To oppose the battle-ships of another Power we must have of course battle-ships of equal or superior force; but these, with their inferior speed and smaller coal-carrying capacity, will avail little against the rapid cruiser and armed merchant steamers. To talk as some do of blockading a dozen first-rate turret and barbette ships, with half-a-dozen cruisers bound on a distant foray, in a harbour, like Cherbourg, for instance, is to advance a most problematical argument. Our security in far seas against wandering squadrons, fleet cruisers, and dashing *Alabamas*, depends fortunately on something more solid than the precarious hope of being able to pin a powerful enemy to his harbours. We rely upon our chain of fortified coaling stations and on near trade-lines, upon the possession between each of telegraphic communication, and on our consequent ability to keep the sea under steam, and to concentrate our local squadrons reinforced, as may be necessary, from home at menaced points. Conquest and colonization have handed over to us the gates of the great commercial routes, and the watch-towers by the highways; it will be purely and inexcusably our own fault if, through unreadiness and failing to utilize our strategical superiority, we allow any Power, or any probable combination of Powers, to snatch anywhere other than a temporary tactical advantage.

#### A HAPPY FAMILY.

THE last day of the week appears to exert some of the malignant influence of the deity from which it is popularly supposed to take its name upon the fortunes of the present Ministry. It was on a Saturday that Mr. Gladstone was taken ill; it was on a Saturday that Sir William Harcourt made his famous demonstration of the statesmanlike care and skill with which Ministers agree upon the details of the measures which are to govern England, and it was on last Saturday that the harmony of the Ministerial concert received a still more convincing illustration at the hands of Lord Granville. Mr. Gladstone's Foreign Minister is not a person habitually given to brawling, and so his demonstration is all the more significant. But it must be admitted that it was hardly surprising. Two remarkable performances had been contributed by Liberal members, one official, one unofficial, to the amusements of the House of Commons on Friday night, and it would require a nice set of balances to decide whether the conduct of Mr. Callan or that of Mr. Forster was the most eccentric. The Irish Secretary had occasion to speak of the House of Lords, and he spoke of it with a vengeance. The conduct of the House of Lords in refusing to consider the Registration Bill (when there was no time to consider it) was, according to Mr. Forster, something very dreadful indeed, and the repetition of such conduct might lead to the conclusion that some reform in the constitution of that House was necessary. Then Mr. Forster proceeded, quite in the style of the "Hole-in-the-Wall," to remark that he was the elected of the people, and that the Lords only owed their position to the accident of birth. The position is not strictly accurate, inasmuch as a considerable number owe their position to the selection of Mr. Gladstone, who has the credit of being one of the "most peer-creatingest" Prime Ministers of this or any other century. However, gentlemen in a state of excitement of any kind are mercifully permitted to indulge in these little inaccuracies of fact. The point of wonderment was not so much the terms of Mr. Forster's outburst as the fact that he should have permitted himself to indulge in the outburst at all. To begin with, the whole thing was absurd. The Bill which the Lords had rejected was not even a Government Bill, and, besides that, it concerned a matter of very small importance, and could not have come into operation any earlier had it been passed at the end

of this Session than if it were passed at the beginning of next. To take such an occasion as this for threatening the existence of two estates of the realm must have appeared to everybody, except Mr. Forster himself and a few delighted ultra-Radicals, simply an evidence of childish petulance. Furthermore, Mr. Forster is not quite the man, personally or officially, from whom declarations of revolutionary policy come with grace of congruity. The Irish Secretaryship is—though the Irish Secretary has perhaps forgotten it—a very subordinate place in the Ministry, and the present occupant of the position is not quite of the calibre of a Montfort or a Cromwell. Administrative details Mr. Forster manages sometimes with good success, sometimes with considerable ill success; but he should leave the overthrow of the British Constitution to stronger men. The ludicrousness of the thing so far excelled its impropriety, grave as that was, that perhaps some people may have expected the member for Bradford to appear side by side next morning with the member for Louth, and like him to apologize for his last night's exploits.

We say this might have been expected; but the world in its expectations would have calculated without Lord Granville. It is not altogether odd that the miscalculation should have been possible. For, though there are plenty of peers in the Government, they have hitherto, with a few honourable exceptions, been so docile to their Radical colleagues that a little more leek would not seem likely to disagree with their stomachs. Mr. Forster's outburst, however, was too much for the Foreign Secretary, and we do not suppose that Lord Spencer, or the Duke of Westminster, or any other of the "accidentally-born" members of the Government could have very much relished it. So Lord Granville not only promptly took the Irish Secretary to task, but made the House of Lords acquainted with the fact in a very spirited speech. If any one, he said, expected the House of Lords to be simply dictated to by the House of Commons and ordered to register the decisions of that House—which was, by the way, exactly what Mr. Forster apparently did expect—why he, Lord Granville, had no intention of taking such a view, and would promptly cease to hold his official position, if the holding of it in any way committed him thereto. Further, after his own conduct in the matter, he was not a little startled to hear what Mr. Forster had said. But, most fortunately, on bringing the too impulsive Secretary to book, it was found that he had not said it. Mr. Forster, thanks to the accurate reporting of the *Daily Chronicle*, is discovered to have said, and thinks that he did say—not that he thought the House of Lords ought to be reformed, or that anybody else thought so, but that if such conduct were repeated, it would not be surprising if several persons in time began to have a sort of glimmering that it might be right to go near to think so shortly. Mr. Forster is of course quite ignorant that anybody entertains any such opinion now. It had just dawned on his outraged soul as a possible result of the dreadful proceedings of the peers if they were continued too long. With this apology, it seems, Lord Granville was content, or rather (for the tone of his speech did not exactly intimate the existence of that amiable feeling in his breast), he was obliged to pronounce himself content. He was, at any rate, able to disclaim, on the part of the Cabinet, the slightest sympathy with their eccentric colleague's sentiments, or the slightest intention on their part of being "committed to a course of action" by Mr. Forster's words. The disclaimer, though natural, was hardly necessary. Nobody suspects even a Government presided over by Mr. Gladstone of getting summarily through the traditional three thinkings respecting the abolition of the hereditary Chamber because an Irish Secretary has lost his temper at the rejection of an ill-digested measure of his own, and pretends to find another reason for losing it in the rejection of a private member's Bill. It might indeed have seemed to a cooler person than Mr. Forster that this rejection, instead of being contemptuous to the House of Commons, was rather complimentary to it, inasmuch as it acknowledged the importance of duly considering anything that the Commons chose to send up. He was probably not aware of the odd evidence as to the unseasonableness of September sittings which the ingenuity of some one or other has since discovered. It seems that on the 1st of June the House of Commons rejected a measure in the usual form by voting that it be read that day three months. That day three months came, the House was in Session, yet the Bill was not read. Which, we should like to know, is most contemptuous of the House of Commons, the Government who make it stultify itself by sitting at a time when it has pronounced that it will not sit, or the House of Lords which seeks to protect it from this by checking unreasonably long Sessions?

As usual, however, with this remarkable Ministry, it is difficult to take the serious view of any of these performances. The charming harmony which they manifest is not more delightful than Lord Granville's sudden waking up to the discovery that he has got himself into very undesirable society, and Mr. Forster's sudden retreat from his heroic position of minatory reformer to the humble post of cautious prophet. Perhaps the last is almost the best. For a few short hours Mr. Forster was the cynosure of half the eyes of Europe. Here was the daring Brutus who was going to deal the god-like stroke to an effete aristocracy; the man who was elected by the people, and gloried in owing nothing to an accident of birth. Unluckily it turned out that Mr. Forster was nothing of the kind. He was merely an observer, who thought that, if certain things happened, certain people might possibly come to certain conclusions—to which, by the way, secularist leagues and democratic associations and such-

like folk have come for scores of years past. It is true that some sturdy Radicals, with scant politeness, decline to accept Mr. Forster's version of his own conduct. If there is a political body in this country for which more than another we have an affection, it is the West Ham Liberal Association. It has passed many delightful resolutions; and a history of the West Ham Liberal Association, on the plan of Thackeray's great, but unwritten, *Life of Baker*, would be a charming occupation for the retired leisure of a man of letters possessed of some political information. On Monday night, it seems, the West Ham Liberal Association resolved its approval of the "clear and outspoken language of the Right Hon. W. E. Forster in reference to the action of the House of Lords." Now, if Mr. Forster himself is to be believed, his language was by no means particularly clear or outspoken; so that we can only suppose that the West Ham Liberal Association thinks that its favourite deserves the dissyllable which King David used in his haste and which the Right Hon. John Bright is wont to use at his leisure. Lord Granville, however, if he cuts a somewhat less sorry figure than Mr. Forster, has exposed his legs to the arrows pretty freely. For what in the name of fortune does Lord Granville think the galley is in which he is sailing? Does he think that—not to speak of Mr. Gladstone—Mr. Bright and Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Mundella do not desire that the House of Commons should dictate to the House of Lords? Is not this dictation the first principle of the party with whom he and his Whig friends have now identified themselves? Evidently Lord Granville perceives the answers to these questions for the first time, and they make him uncomfortable. He had been living in a paradise, and he discovers that it is a paradise of fools. We sympathize with him most deeply, but the depth of our sympathy does not prevent us from feeling an equally profound astonishment that a statesman of Lord Granville's experience should have waited till the 4th of September, 1880, to make the discovery. It would be a little interesting to know what his brother peers of the Liberal persuasion think of it. Those of them who are members of the Government must be allowed to be slightly splashed with the ridicule which has fallen on Lord Granville. For it may be suggested to them that no one of their colleagues in the Lower House made the slightest attempt to put in a good word for them when Mr. Forster described them as persons idle, promoted to their position by the accident of birth, and very likely to be reformed if they didn't take care. This, which we do not understand Mr. Forster to deny having said, is pretty language for one member of a family to apply to another, and the family in which it occurs must be admitted to be a singularly happy and united one. We shall hear a great deal, no doubt, during the next four or five months of their unity and happiness; but somehow or other the scene of Saturday last will be apt to recur to the mind. The particular kind of family happiness which will prevail may suitably be described by a familiar parallel. "If you don't look out, I'll get a divorce," we may imagine a husband saying to a wife in the free and spirited States of the West. The affectionate harmony existing afterwards between that couple might to the outward eye be considerable. Internally it would resemble the harmony which is likely to prevail between the threatening and the threatened sections of the most united, as well as the most virtuous, gifted, and powerful Cabinet with which the realm of England has ever been blessed.

#### TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

**SPIRITUALISTS** are rejoicing in the addition of another eminent man of science to their ranks; Professor Zöllner of Leipzig has done for the notorious medium Slade what Mr. Crookes did for Home, and has published the result of his investigations in a volume entitled *Transcendental Physics*. It would scarcely be worth while to enter upon a serious refutation of these pernicious doctrines were it not for the effect produced upon the public when they find that men in whose power of critical observation they have every reason to confide are so completely led astray by them.

The accounts given by Professor Zöllner of what he observed are certainly very astonishing at first sight, but both evidence and arguments assume a very different complexion when examined from another and simpler standpoint than that of the physicist. Amongst other arguments, the fact that the manifestations do not always take place is appealed to as a proof of their genuine character; for, it is said, it is manifestly in the interest of the medium to produce his phenomena, and if he were a mere conjuror or trickster he would be both ready and able to produce them on all occasions. This argument shows perhaps more than any other how little savants understand of the principles of conjuring, and how little their testimony is to be relied upon in matters appertaining to that art. The conjuror and the medium have both the same task before them—namely, the production of phenomena inexplicable to the audience by the usual laws; to a certain extent they have the same resources, but so far as conditions go the avowed conjuror is at a great disadvantage. The latter may, it is true, choose his own time and place, relying, if in public, on the assistance of stage and other appliances; or, if in private circles, upon his own dexterity and address. Having, however, once made his choice, he must abide by it, and produce his effect with the alternative of failure or exposure and consequent ridicule. The Spiritualist medium, on the other hand, if he finds

the conditions too hard for him, need only remain passive, and the absence of phenomena, or, in other words, his failure, is looked upon as proof of his genuineness.

We may assume that the resources of the conjuring art are inadequate to produce all the phenomena claimed for Spiritualism, and we will also allow that the testimony of such men as Mr. Crookes or Professor Zöllner is unimpeachable; but we are far from accepting their conclusion that therefore the phenomena *did* take place as described, or were *not* due to trickery. The great principle of conjuring—and we may venture to say of mediumship—consists *not* in doing an inexplicable thing, but in procuring good evidence of its having been done; and it is a fact of common experience in the profession that persons accustomed to close scientific observations are the easiest to deceive. The conjuror relies upon making a *temps*—that is, in concealing the moment at which a change or other operation is effected; and, if observation at that point be avoided, the minutest examination at other points and times goes for nothing. Now, taking Professor Zöllner's experiments, as described by him, every possibility of fraud seems at first sight to be eliminated, and yet to the initiated his accounts convey the strongest suspicion that a *temps* had been made in each case in which the "experiments" were successful. There is a link wanting in every piece of evidence, and the expert finds that the very thing for which he looks has been overlooked as unimportant, or has actually been allowed to pass without comment. It is not our province to explain here the manner in which these exhibitions were, or even might be, managed; nor is it indeed possible to reproduce a particular trick with certainty from such incomplete data before us as the Professor's account affords. We will, however, point out the weak place in the evidence for some of the principal manifestations. In most of the cases cited, Professor Zöllner, or his friends, had sealed up the slates, strings, &c., used, and this, it is assumed, renders deception impossible. But Slade had more than thirty sittings with Professor Zöllner, and was therefore long enough with him to have made his arrangements; while as the experiments did not always succeed the first time, and we are told that the things were often prepared some days beforehand, it is clear that no sufficient precautions were taken to prevent an impression of the seal used being obtained in the meantime. A test case is one of two rings turned from different kinds of wood, which it was hoped would be linked together in such a manner that microscopic examination by a botanical expert would prove the continuity of the fibre to have remained intact. Instead of this, they were found round the leg of a new round birchwood table, and this phenomenon was considered even more satisfactory than the test proposed. Now this turn of affairs is acknowledged to have been unexpected; therefore, though the table may have been examined at some previous time, it was clearly not examined at the time of and with a view to this particular experiment. An inking of the proposed test, which we are not told was kept secret, the help of a turner, two minutes alone with the table at any previous opportunity before the *séance*, a *temps* of the most obvious kind, and the affair is, from a conjuror's point of view, as simple as can be. The present writer and a friend some years ago produced the same effect, only that in his case the ring appeared upon his own arm, while a perfectly impartial stranger held his hand. On that occasion a person who had given in his adherence to the Spiritualist cause asked the operator if "the experience had happened to him before," and was somewhat discomfited on being told in reply that it had been rehearsed some fifty times that afternoon. Whatever was the manipulation employed in the one case, the effect was neither more nor less wonderful than that produced in the other, when the means employed were avowed trickery. One incident that took place during a *séance* is triumphantly appealed to as a convincing proof of the miraculous nature of the effects produced at the sittings—it was the sudden rending longitudinally of the wooden frame of a bed-screen with a violent crack, at least five feet from Slade. Professor Zöllner informs us that the screen was new, and had been bought by him about a year before; and goes into an elaborate calculation of the vast force which must have been exerted to tear it so asunder. Slade appears to have been as much startled at the phenomenon as any one else in the room. Now the Professor assumes, that since a great force must have been employed, that as Slade was not near the screen, and as no one else was present who could have exerted that force, therefore the occurrence was miraculous, and no other theory remains to explain it. To this we can answer that precisely the same thing happened to an acquaintance of the writer's, and was subsequently proved to have been due to the sudden springing of a board owing to the contraction of part of the wood which had not been properly seasoned. We merely wish to point out that a perfectly simple explanation is not even alluded to or suspected in the account given of the incident.

Another very suspicious circumstance in all of Professor Zöllner's experiments is the readiness with which any suggestion of the audience is taken up by the "spirits." The Professor has formed a theory of "four dimensioned space" and of intelligent "four dimensioned beings" occupying it. At once the slates are covered with writing, referring to the new discovery. An object that has been "transported through the air" is found to be hot, and a discussion arises as to the increase of temperature caused by "four dimensioned" operations. Shortly after an endless band of bladder is made use of in an experiment, and the medium "in a trance" explains that the spirits have given up the attempt to pass something on to it for fear of destroying it by the high temperature produced and that a mark caused by heat will be

found upon it. The "dodge" of accidentally calling attention to a mark on anything which is to be changed, and of producing the substitute with a similar mark upon it, is too well known as a conjuring device to need more than a passing allusion.

That Professor Zöllner and his friends acted in perfect good faith, believed what they say and took every precaution they could think of, we are prepared to admit; but it is plain to the merest tiro in conjuring that they did not take the simplest precaution which a conjuror himself would stand on his guard against. The cause of common sense, however, finds fresh champions as well. On Friday, the 3rd instant, Mr. Stuart Cumberland, a well-known opponent of Spiritualism, gave before a critical audience, at the Charing Cross Hotel, a reproduction of most of the usual so-called manifestations of Spiritualism, following up each with an explanation of the method employed. As this took place in a private room, and in the midst of a large company who could and did crowd about the performer as much as they pleased, the conditions were in every respect those of the spirit mediums on their most imposing occasions. The clever performances of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke were always open to the objection constantly urged against them by Spiritualists, that they could only be produced upon the stage. Mr. S. Cumberland's methods being in fact those of the mediums themselves can be given in any person's private room. Amongst the feats exhibited were clairvoyant reading of cards enclosed in sealed envelopes; and the mysterious reproduction on the exhibitor's arm of writing, which one of the company present had written just before and thrown into a hat; a dark *séance* with its accompanying mysteries of raps, luminous hands, and floating musical instruments was given, and certain well-known spirits "materialized," and came in person before the audience. Perhaps the most instructive of all the experiments was one in which a gentleman, who openly professed his belief in Spiritualism, allowed himself to be blindfolded, and was induced to testify in perfect good faith to a fact asserted by the medium, while it was patent to all the rest of the audience that the very reverse had taken place—thus proving satisfactorily the value of the evidence generally adduced for Spiritualism. The gentleman in question entertained the company with a description of wonderful feats performed in his own house, such as the playing on his own piano while locked by unseen hands during a *séance*, and challenged the exhibitor to do the like. The fact that this form of challenge is not accepted is considered by Spiritualists as a decisive victory for themselves, and a paper was triumphantly circulated containing a correspondence between Mr. Maskelyne and a Spiritualist, in which the former was considered to have been put out of court because he declined the piano feat and others like it. Now, although the exposure at the Charing Cross Hotel did not include these somewhat more ostentatious feats of pianoforte playing, "levitation," and so on, the methods by which these tricks are performed are so well, though not generally, known that we hope Mr. Cumberland will be induced on some future occasion to exhibit them. We cannot hope that even the most perfect exposure of trickery will convince those who are willingly deceived or who fanatically cling to an idea once conceived, for it has been over and over again asserted by leading Spiritualists that, if every medium living were proved to be an impostor, their faith would remain unshaken. For such persons there is no reply; but it cannot be too often repeated that the question is one of evidence alone, and the more often it is demonstrated that the alleged miracles of Spiritualism can be produced by natural means, and that evidence of them hitherto considered to be conclusive may contain a fallacy or a flaw, the more likely are the uninitiated to be protected from rash deductions, entailing lamentable results for the cause of truth, science, and religion.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN MATCH.

IT is not now altogether easy to say what is the present distinction between amateur and professional cricketers. Of course most of those who appear as gentlemen play for the love of the game only; but it is generally supposed that in some cases cricket is or has been made to a slight extent a matter of business. We say to a slight extent, because there are several ways of making cricket a matter of business, and the acceptance of an allowance for expenses, even if it be liberally calculated, is a very different thing from making large gains such as are occasionally realized by those who take travelling teams about the country. Still, it has often been questioned, and is certainly questionable, whether those who receive remuneration in any form can properly be called amateurs; and it would perhaps not be altogether correct to speak of the strong team which played the Australians at the Oval on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday last as being essentially an amateur Eleven, with only three professional players in it. In any case, however, the English Eleven may be considered as a body of amateurs when it is contrasted with the Australians, who indeed appear to be simply engaged in a commercial venture. It is true that the venture is a most legitimate one, and we trust that the well-earned gains of the colonial players in this country have been considerable; but still, though of course no one can object in the very least to what they have done, it is difficult in considering their performances not to be, to some extent, biased by the fact that cricket is with them purely a matter of business. Too much of the business element in cricket is always to be regretted, as men who are work-

ing in order to secure a handsome return can never excite admiration of the same kind as is felt for those who play for the love of the great game, and indeed to many much of the enjoyment of cricket is marred when money-making is clearly a main object. A wandering Eleven bears overmuch resemblance to circus-riders or acrobats who go from one country town to another giving an exhibition at each. Probably at some future time Australia will send to England an Eleven of gentlemen players to meet the best English amateurs, and, should this be done, a more legitimate interest will attach to the contests between them than belongs to this week's game, which can scarcely be spoken of as a representative match between England and Australia, inasmuch as one Eleven was mainly composed of those who play because they are fond of cricket, while the other was composed of those who play—in this country at least—for business. As it happened, the amateurs had very much the best of it; but of late amateurs have very often been too strong for professionals, and possibly a body of gentlemen players from Australia would prove even more troublesome to their antagonists than did the batsmen who contended at the Oval against Lord Harris's Eleven.

It need hardly be said, however, that no considerations of this kind at all troubled the Surrey public. Indeed that public has, on more than one occasion, shown that it sympathized rather with the professionals than with the amateurs; but, although it was probable that the crowd would like the Australians all the better from their belonging to the former order, there was some reason for fearing that their reception might not be a genial one. The treatment which the English cricketers experienced in Australia has not been forgotten; and it seemed possible that, despite the gross injustice of visiting that offence on the heads of those who are now here, a not unnatural resentment might cause some hostile feeling against them in the crowd. Most happily no feeling of the kind was shown; but, on the contrary, there was clearly a desire amongst the artisans, who composed, as usual, the mass of the spectators at the Oval, to treat the visitors well, and so far as possible to put them in good conceit with themselves. They were loudly applauded on their appearance; every bit of smart fielding in the first part of the game called forth a cheer; and it was clear that the crowd was determined that the Australians should have "a fair field and no favour." Indeed, what favour there was seemed to be on the Australians' side. Dr. W. G. Grace's magnificent play evoked at first but little enthusiasm; while the efforts of his foes received prompt recognition. Soon, however, the great cricketer compelled admiration. It was obvious before long that he was in his best form, and that he was playing in that manner which would seem to be hopelessly reckless for anybody else, but is known to be perfectly safe for him. He soon began to bat in the most resolute style, and at noon, when play had lasted half an hour, he and Dr. E. M. Grace, who faced him, had jointly scored at the rate of about a run a minute. This average, however, good as it was, was destined to be considerably surpassed during the day. At one o'clock Dr. W. G. Grace had scored 50, and when at two there was a pause for what used to be called dinner, and is now called luncheon, he had made 82 runs, his play having shown that extraordinary combination of brilliancy with perfect steadiness of which he alone possesses the secret. After the re-christened meal, he seemed if possible a more "fatal opposite" than before, and it was not until he had scored 132 that he gave a chance. This was missed, and shortly afterwards Dr. Grace fairly brought down the house by a drive and cut for four in the same over. Even the Grace family, however, are made of flesh and blood, and his innings was now close to its end. Shortly after four o'clock he made a slight mistake, and a ball from Palmer touched his off stump. At this time he had been about five hours at the wicket, and had scored 152, having during the whole innings only given one chance. Never, perhaps, during his career as a cricketer has his perfect command of every hit all round the wicket been more conspicuously manifest. Some of his partners played in a manner worthy of such a companion, although of course no score approached his. Dr. E. M. Grace was unlucky in being badly struck on the hand more than once; but his innings was a steady one, and he retired for 36. Mr. Lucas, after hitting freely and in very good form, unfortunately played into his wicket when he had made the considerable total of 55; and Lord Harris made 52 by play which, until he gave a chance at slip, which was taken, was almost faultless. Shortly after his retirement the stumps were drawn, Shaw and Morley still having to go in, and Mr. Lyttelton being at the wicket. Play was begun again at eleven on Tuesday; but, as sometimes happens after a splendid innings, there was a rapid collapse. Mr. Lyttelton got a few runs and took his bat out, but Shaw made nothing, and Morley two only. The innings closed for 420.

Against this terrible total the Australians set to work with indisputable pluck; perhaps, indeed, with too much pluck, for Bannerman seemed anxious to imitate Dr. W. G. Grace's rapid run-getting, but was unfortunately interrupted in his praiseworthy attempt when his score had reached 32. Murdoch did not succeed in making any runs, but McDonnell and Boyce played fairly well against admirable bowling and fielding. The others did very little; and, when the first innings was brought to an end by Moule's being caught off from Dr. W. G. Grace's bowling, the score of the colonial players only amounted to 149. Of course they had to follow, and, strange to say, in their second innings they were very successful. Murdoch made 79 by admirable play, and was

not out when the stumps were drawn. McDonnell scored 42, and contributions from the others brought the total up to 170, when play was closed for the day. At this time Murdoch and Bonner were at the wickets, and Palmer, Alexander, and Moule had to go in.

Next morning brought with it one of those surprises which so often occur in the game of cricket. To save an innings defeat the Australians had to make 101 runs. With the exception of Murdoch, their best men were out, and there seemed to be very little chance of the English Eleven having to go in again. Owing, however, to the courage of the Australians, and specially to the admirable batting of their captain, the innings was saved. When Moule, the last batsman on the colonial side, went in 32 runs were required to equal the English score; and, in spite of changes in the bowling and the most watchful fielding, these were obtained, whereat the crowd, which certainly could not be accused of narrow patriotism, applauded with great enthusiasm. The success of the two batsmen did not end here. They continued to face each other for some time, and when at about three o'clock Moule was clean bowled, the Australians' score had been largely increased. Murdoch carried out his bat for 153, thus surpassing Dr. Grace's score by one. On play beginning again the English batsmen had 57 runs to make in order to win, and, judging from their performance on the first day, it might have been expected that these would be rapidly obtained. This, however, was not the case. For some reason not very easy to fathom Messrs. G. F. Grace and Lyttelton were sent in first. The former was immediately disposed of, and Mr. Lucas, who followed him, only made 2. Mr. Lyttelton was bowled for 13, and Barnes, who succeeded him, was caught after making 5 only. Dr. E. M. Grace next appeared; but he was bowled by the second ball delivered to him. His redoubtable brother now at last came to the wicket, and he and Mr. Penn, who had taken Mr. Lucas's place, brought the total up to 57. The last run was made shortly after four, and the English Eleven were declared winners by five wickets.

The victory which they thus achieved was a very creditable one, but was not such an overwhelming victory as at one time appeared probable. It must be remembered, too, that Spofforth, the Australians' strongest bowler, was absent, and strong bowling was sorely needed on the first day. In spite, however, of the English players scarcely having triumphed as they were expected to triumph, there can, we think, be no doubt that they were much the better team of the two. They had not expected a second innings, the choice of batsmen was injudicious, and something like a panic set in. Were they to play the Australians again, they would probably beat them more decisively than they did on this occasion.

#### BEYROUT.

MRS. BURTON, in her book on "Inner Life in Syria," finishes off her description of Beyrout with these words:—"It is a demi-civilized, semi-Christianized, demi-semi-Europeanized town." The epithets, on the whole, are true and well chosen. The streets are better than those of Cairo, and more picturesque than those of Alexandria, and the inhabitants have not the mud of Smyrna nor the petrified kidney potatoes of Pera to wear out their shoe leather; but they must also do without the theatres of Egypt, and without the shops of Constantinople stocked only a short week behind the Boulevards of Paris. The ladies there have no "Paradis de Dames" wherein to revel, and the men's cartridge-cases must come from England, and be fought over in the custom-house for weeks. Still Beyrouthines are pleased with themselves, their amusements, and their other perfections, and feel a boiling indignation if a stranger venture to throw out an injurious insinuation that their fashions are behind the age. Any one who lives long in Beyrout seems somehow, in spite of all its faults, to grow fond of the queer little town, half belonging to the old world and half to the new civilization, which straggles along the shore for a couple of miles, and winds round the feet of the mountains, in and out, in a quiet fascinating fashion of its own. Strangers, then, must not be surprised if they find champions for Beyrout, ready to uphold its neat houses, its lovely sky, and its crowd of various costumes—people who are quite contented with its tennis-ground, and say that it is, all things considered, a good place to live in.

From November to the end of May is the season in Beyrout. In June the town begins to get uninhabitable, for the water is still, the shore radiates heat, the plants are scorched, and only the blue-green of the prickly cactus wearies the eye, each huge leaf crusted thickly with dust; what little wind there is blowing from the west is a scirocco, and as the sun goes down slowly behind the sea, the breeze drops at once, and the night comes on quickly, bringing with it mosquitoes in millions, and a heavy, suffocating heat that precludes all sleep. If it were possible after the day's work to enjoy a good rest, the yearly exodus to the mountains would not be so imperative as it is; but, as things are, English nature cannot hold out against the continued strain on endurance day and night, and so the whole European colony flies to the Lebanon as the summer approaches, to take refuge in the little villages that nestle on its sides. Of these there are several to choose from, the most popular being Aleih, where there are two hotels and a fair number of houses to let. The hotels are moderate in their charges and well kept, doing a thriving business from July to the end of

October; but almost all the old inhabitants prefer to take a house for the season, which elastic term is held to comprehend any space of time within a year that the tenant chooses. The rents are small, though they are now rising rapidly in view of the probability of Aleih's becoming a temporary health-resort of invalids from Cyprus—the air being very beneficial in fever cases. Last year a house capable of accommodating four or five persons might be had for twelve pounds; but let no one be deluded into the idea that this sum represents all the expenses the tenant incurs on taking it, as he will probably have to put in the windows, build a kitchen chimney, and perhaps whitewash the whole from ceiling to floor. In addition to this, the transport of furniture on mules or by the French company's carts, along the fourteen miles of road of which they have the monopoly, will make an item not to be lost sight of. When the occupier is once installed, a cook may be hired for some thirty francs a month, and an extra Druse boy to help for any *bakshesh* one may think fit to give, for labour is very cheap in the Lebanon. The cost of living will be at the rate of some ten shillings a day for such a house, so that many a worse place might be found than Aleih for persons who are tired of the regular and frequented summer resorts. Scattered about on the mountain-side are several other villages, such as Beit-Mary, Aytat, Shemlan, Arayah, and Sook el Garb. Beit-Mary is the usual resort of foreigners, especially French, and enjoys the advantage of shady walks under pine-trees, involving however the possibility of mosquitoes, which never appear at Aleih unless brought up by chance in the market-basket from Beyrout. The other villages resemble each other and all mountain hamlets, and are a good deal cheaper as places of residence than Aleih; but then they are not fashionable.

In the winter and spring, however, no one need seek a pleasanter home than Beyrout itself. The best houses are built of stone with marble floors, and are generally let out in flats. Lofty ceilings, floors covered with light matting, and low divans running round by the walls, give the rooms an air of size and coolness. Carriage-hire is cheap, and it costs little to keep horses, so that the Beyroutees are not much addicted to walking, and look with wondering eyes on the feats of energy and agility performed by newcomers, or by gun-boat officers who have not been demoralized by Eastern habits, and retain the capability of walking a quarter of a mile or playing a creditable innings at cricket. Very few of the houses have gardens that are worth cultivation, which is a pity, as flowers grow luxuriantly everywhere, and even in the winter the fields are scattered with wild anemones of every colour from the palest lilac to brilliant scarlet, while tufts of cyclamen show their slender heads at every step in the broken rocky ground. For travellers there are several good hotels, of which one at least combines every reasonable comfort with a charming situation overlooking the sea. A path leads from it along the coast as far as the Point, and, except in the extreme heat of the day, makes a pleasant walk, disclosing delightful bits of colour at every turn, while the waves, washing over the fine rocks with a good salt flavour in their spray, add life and sound to the scene. Not that either of these is wanting on water or land, for there is generally some large steamer lying in the bay, surrounded with tiny craft which stray away to the Douane very like a string of ants busy between their nest and a treasure-trove, while on shore we have every variety of Arab activity, amongst which perhaps the most conspicuous is boat-building. The deftness and extreme celerity with which these rough workmen fashion the curves necessary for their trade is the more astonishing and admirable when we examine their primitive tools and see that most of the work is done with an adze alone. Certainly the boats are not built on yachting lines, but they are tolerably seaworthy, and do constant service along the whole length of the coast with light and poor merchandize, such as straw and chaff, which the large steamers do not find it worth while to carry. Many of the rocks are ornamented with patches of bright red or blue, marking where followers of the gentle craft are perched, who must pursue it at Beyrout in true sportsman spirit, quite for its own sake, seeing that they often wield their long bamboo rods for hours with the scantiest results. At intervals, splay-footed camels slouch past with a sulky expression on their ugly faces, contrasting forcibly with the placid content of their cross-legged riders; and miserable donkeys trot along with all the patience of their race, being viciously looked after in tender places with a sharp stick by the young Arab ruffians in charge, if ever they attempt to stop. Here and there a few cafés stand off the road, filled with the usual crowd of idlers, smoking, drinking, and amusing themselves with chess, draughts or cards; while the whole road has a general lining of small children, playing at hop-scotch and rolling about in the dust, often quite ready to address the tourist in English or French, to his profound amazement if he forgets the numberless schools which philanthropic Europe has showered upon Beyrout. Sloping up from the shore lie rudely cultivated market-gardens, separated from each other by great hedges of prickly pear. Each house stands in its own plot of ground, and some of the inmates are usually on view, lolling about in the sun, hanging up clothes, digging, or enjoying the luxury of leisure. Higher up amongst the white-roofed European houses, a flagstaff or two will denote the dwellings of the Consuls, and the American College dominates all, like its relative on the Bosphorus, from one of the highest points of the town. If, instead of turning to the left on leaving the hotels, the visitor choose to take the opposite direction, he will soon find himself in the old town of Beyrout, once enclosed in walls which have long ago disappeared, leaving, however, the de-

marcation still quite distinct between ancient and modern. The narrow streets with their overhanging houses and projecting windows, almost shutting out the sky above, might easily be mistaken for those of Cairo, but they are even narrower, and more closely resemble a tunnel where the light shines in from a far-off end. The bazaars are extensive, but not to be compared with those of Constantinople, Cairo, or Damascus, and we miss in them the thorough Oriental atmosphere breathed in the latter. The Syrian, with his silken garments and sleek skin, has none of the charm which gives a zest to the bargaining with some bearded and turbaned old sheikh, nor, for the rest, do the stalls display the same careless and picturesque heaps of piled-up treasures which tempt the Briton in Egypt and Stamboul. There is a terrible, all-pervading scent of Manchester in Beyrout, which begins from the Custom House Quay and extends to the smallest shop in the bazaar; and it is an odour which is grateful to the nostrils of the natives, whose fortunes are almost all gained in trade with our great Cottonopolis.

One glance must be devoted to Beyrout in its semi-Christianized aspect, which is perhaps among its most striking ones, above all on a Sunday. There are many Eastern towns where the Sunday is by no outward signs distinguished from the rest of the week; but it is not so here, where it might cost a shopman his trade to pull down one of his shutters on a Sunday. Every office is closed, the busy Sook el Taoweelch is absolutely silent and deserted, and nothing but church bells marks the hours. Beyrout is a town of many religions, many missions, and, in consequence, many churches; but it is to be regretted that, where the English colony is so large, it cannot or will not support an Episcopalian service. Most Protestants, therefore, attend the American or Presbyterian Church, while some, to the great scandal of their co-religionists, tail off to the splendid musical service of the Jesuit Fathers. The number of evangelical societies and other missions whose headquarters are fixed at Beyrout is legion, the work of most of which seems to lie in schools and education. It is perhaps less to be wondered at than regretted that a strong feeling of rivalry exists between these establishments, giving rise to incidents which are hardly an estimable example to set before the natives whom they profess to lead in the paths of charity. Whether the natives are capable of following a good lead, if it were given, is another and a wider question. We are sorry to say that the general experience of old residents in the East is that the more an Oriental, and above others a Syrian, is educated, the more objectionable does he become. The untutored savage is a much more pleasant man to deal with than the demi-semi-Europeanized Levantine; and it is a fact, which we leave to the consideration of those whom it may concern, that the Syrians from Beyrout, the centre of all missions and schools, bear the most unenviable character, alike amongst Europeans and their fellow-countrymen. The Syrian at home is bad; the Syrian on his own questionable merits abroad is worse; but who shall describe the Syrian introduced as English, on an equal footing, into an English family? We have heard of a Syrian youth adopted by a benevolent lady from a Christian school, who was found to be actively engaged in marking all the house-linen with his own name, preparatory to the death of his benefactress and his subsequent entry on possession.

#### LONDON IN AUTUMN.

AMONG other popular fallacies that have had their day and are now gradually disappearing, is the theory that at a certain time of year the metropolis becomes, or ought to become, utterly insupportable to any one who is not compelled by sheer force of circumstances to remain there. Until very recently any person aspiring to move in anything approaching to "society" who should of his own free will elect to remain in London between August and November would, unless an exceptionally privileged individual, have been looked upon by his friends with a certain amount of suspicion, and society at large would have considered itself entitled to demand some explanation of such extraordinary conduct. We are all of us too apt to move in grooves; and because the end of the Parliamentary Session sets free a large number of persons who have been more or less tied to London for some time, and who are naturally anxious to be off whither business or pleasure calls them, it has been the fashion for every one else to imagine that they also must "get away" as quickly as possible; and the result is that, at a time of year when London is often at its best, there are comparatively few people left to enjoy it.

But there can be no doubt that the public are beginning to find out that they have been following too blindly in a beaten track, and that the amount of happiness to be secured by a precipitate stampede from their native flagstones is not always commensurate with the amount of misery thereby involved, and that even in the late summer and early autumn months there are many worse places than London. There is, in fact, a strong reaction setting in against what is justly felt to be an arbitrary and unreasonable edict of fashion, and the number of autumn sojourners in London is increasing every year. Nor do these rebels against time-honoured custom any longer lurk in corners, or attempt to cloak their delinquencies by artfully devised subterfuges. The highly respectable family of Thackeray's period who would shut up the front of their house, and drag out a hole-and-corner existence in the back premises, with strict orders to the

charwoman on duty to inform any chance caller that the family was on the Continent, now make no secret of their whereabouts, and brazen out their position in the light of day. The lady of the house is as much at home to her friends as at any other time of year, and the girls walk openly in the Park or play lawn tennis in the square, and are delighted to meet and fraternize with any of their acquaintances who are either in town under the same conditions as themselves, or are merely engaged in the mysterious process of "passing through." As for the male habitués of London at this season, they may now be found in scores, not only among guardsmen, Government functionaries, or business men, who have always a real or sufficiently plausible excuse for being there on the ground of duty, but among those who have no particular tie that binds them to one place more than another, but who are getting sagacious enough to see that they have on the whole a better chance of enjoying themselves by maintaining their headquarters in London than by restless flittings to and fro.

And who shall say that this new view of the case is not a sound one? It is, of course, easy to raise plenty of objections to a continuous residence in London or any other large town, foremost among which will be the want of the change of air and the opportunities for healthy exercise which are in most cases absolutely necessary to make up for the wear and tear of the preceding months. And this objection, if real, would doubtless be unanswerable. But if the question be impartially regarded, we doubt very much whether London will not be found to compare very favourably in this respect with nine out of ten of the ordinary "holiday resorts" that are so eagerly sought after, and often as eagerly quitted. No doubt there is a period, say during the last half of August, when the air of London is apt to become rather exhausted, and when the lungs are disposed to pine for the fresh breezes of the sea or the mountain. But this period is not generally of long duration, and every day now becomes fresher and cooler. And assuming that our London resident is not absolutely nailed to his daily avocations, there are breezy heights and rippling waters to which he can repair in an hour or two with the greatest ease, and return to his comfortable home in the evening. But if a person has once made up his mind to stop in London at this season of the year, the chances are that he will be disposed to make the best of it, and will find that the air is not so bad after all, and that he has no difficulty in getting an adequate amount of vigorous exercise. For, putting aside the question of actual sport, it may be doubted whether London does not offer at least as many advantages in this respect as ordinary country quarters, and a good many more than the average and inevitable watering-place.

Supposing our friend to be a cricketer, there is no time when cricket of a moderate degree of interest is so prevalent in and about London as during August and the early part of September. From the Marylebone Club downwards, there seems a tendency to make the most of the few remaining weeks of the cricket season; and he must have a limited cricket connexion who cannot, if so disposed, make arrangements to be included in matches of one sort and another which will amply account for his spare days. Should he be a member of the leading institution referred to, he finds that he can pursue his favourite pastime with a degree of comfort and even luxury that he would certainly find nowhere else. The chances are that the ground is in perfect order; a host of willing and well-disciplined functionaries are in readiness to meet his slightest wish in the way of practice, and though the "gallery" at a minor match at Lord's in August may be limited, he, if a real cricketer at heart, enjoys his game none the less on this account. And, apart from the actual cricket, it would be difficult to find a pleasanter lounge than the Pavilion at Lord's, when relieved of the crowd with which it is usually associated in the minds of most persons who have visited it at an earlier period of the year. It combines, in fact, the freshness of a country house with many of the comforts of a London club; and many members of the M.C.C. who have learnt to appreciate their advantages, may be almost said to reside there. Lord's, however, is of course only for a privileged minority, and London men are not as a rule enthusiastic cricketers. But there is hardly an able-bodied man between twenty and fifty who would like to be considered disqualified for the now all-absorbing game of lawn-tennis; and there is hardly a square or an open space in London where this engrossing pastime is not cultivated in a greater or lesser degree. A return of the lawn-tennis grounds of every description in and about London would furnish some curious statistics of the extraordinary growth of the game since its introduction a few years ago.

And when the autumn days begin to draw in, when the cricket-grounds are reluctantly closed and summer sports become precarious, the sportsman, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, who is partially tied to the metropolis will find wonderful facilities for an occasional indulgence in the pursuits that are so dear to him. There is no place so easy to get about from as London, and a few days' shooting can generally be stolen every now and then without interfering to any appreciable extent with the calls of business. And hunting from London has now become so easy and so convenient that many men adopt it in preference to the discomfort and uncertainty of country quarters. There is, moreover, at this time of year a sort of tacit understanding throughout all professions, whether public or private, that a certain amount of latitude may be allowed all round. There is no longer the same feeling of being obliged to work at high pressure that prevailed a few weeks ago. Business generally is conducted in a sober and easy-going manner, and every one is disposed to make allowances for every one else. There is no doubt that the love of sport

that is innate in the hearts of all true Britons has a good deal to do with this, and grave official and business chiefs will look leniently on shortcomings in the interests of hunting or shooting which they would not be disposed to consider so favourably if indulged in on other grounds. But, apart from the mere idea of sport or amusement, the unathletic or unsporting resident in London during the autumn months has by no means such a bad time of it as is generally supposed. The streets at the West End are deserted, it is true; but locomotion is on that account all the easier. His domestic hearth may possibly be dismantled, or the establishment in commission; but he enjoys himself very much at his club, the placid charms of which during the dull season have furnished a theme for abler pens than ours, and are beginning to be widely appreciated. Not many years ago there was hardly a club in London that was not closed for repairs or cleaning as a matter of course for at least six weeks of the autumn, when those members who chose to remain in town were turned without ceremony into the streets. But now the number of members who remain in town, and strongly object to being turned adrift, is so great, that if the renovating process is imperatively necessary in any one case, arrangements are almost invariably made for their accommodation in some other friendly establishment that still remains open, and where the ordinary pleasures of club life are heightened by a pleasing sensation of novelty. There is no opera, it is true; and the doors of some of the theatres are closed. But others are in full swing; and this is the time of year *par excellence* for entertainments of a miscellaneous description. And out of doors there are many quiet sources of enjoyment which are by no means to be despised. The Parks are certainly empty, and the appearance of Rotten Row and its surroundings presents a very remarkable contrast to that of the same locality during the height of the season. But there is a pleasant feeling of autumn in the air, and a walk may now be thoroughly enjoyed that a short time ago could only have been attended by sensations of weariness and lassitude. The flower-beds are still in their glory, and worth coming any distance to see. It would indeed be difficult to imagine a more pleasing effect than that of the beautifully kept lawns and brilliant masses of colour that may now be met with at every turn, not only in Hyde Park, but in every public park and garden throughout the metropolis. Certainly the horticultural department of the Office of Works has advanced during the last few years with gigantic strides, and localities that not long ago were dreary expanses of dusty grass are now converted into pleasure grounds, in the most literal sense of the word, that would do credit to any "show place" throughout the country.

But it is perhaps towards evening that the autumn charms of *rus in urbe* present themselves most agreeably to the contemplative observer. We will suppose that our friend is returning in the gloaming from his labours in an office in the regions of Westminster. Pausing for a moment on the bridge over the water in St. James's Park, he finds himself in the midst of sights and sounds suggestive of scenes very different from those he has just quitted. There has been a slight shower, and the smell of moist earth and herbage acts like a cordial on his wearied senses. The trees and water have now a shadowy and mysterious appearance, and were it not for the lights that are beginning to twinkle around, would produce the most complete effect of forest scenery. The wildfowl, true to their original instincts, are getting restless as night comes on, and instead of paddling lazily about, as in the daytime, are swimming rapidly hither and thither, leaving long streaks of light in the water behind them, and keeping up an incessant chatter. Our friend may hear the noisy quack-quack of the mallard, the soft whistle of the widgeon, the croak of the goose, and the harsh cry of the coot and waterhen; while ever and anon an unusual splashing announces that flight time has arrived, and that some of the throng have taken wing, and with the instinct that in their wild state would lead them to distant feeding grounds are bent upon going somewhere, if only to the not very remote regions of the Serpentine or the gardens of Buckingham Palace. The shadows in the water get deeper and deeper, and the rising moon, while it lends an additional charm to the scene, warns him that it is getting on towards dinner-time. As he wends his way across the Green Park he may perhaps hear the whistle of wings or a faint quack-quack high overhead from some of the wildfowl he has left behind him, now on their way to their imaginary marshes in Hyde Park. The well-known sound makes his heart beat, and brings to his mind pleasant memories of flight-shooting in many a lonely creek. The fresh breeze meets him as he rises the hill towards Hyde Park Corner, and he goes home with the feeling that London in autumn is not such a very bad place after all.

#### MR. CUNNINGHAM ON INDIAN FINANCE.

IF at the coming Census there should be an endeavour to ascertain the number of the inhabitants of the British Isles who have even the slightest knowledge of the financial history of our great possessions in India we fear that the result would show, even amongst the ordinarily well educated, that an almost unappreciable percentage had anything beyond a smattering on the subject. It is true that the same thing might be said about many other branches of finance generally; but ignorance upon Indian finance would probably bear away the palm. At the present time, when a deplorable error in the accounts of the

East Indian Exchequer has been brought to light, the temptation, especially with party politicians, is to exaggerate its dimensions, and with a not unpalatable rhetoric to condemn wholesale the financial régime of our Eastern dominions. Much of this sort of talk has been prevalent of late in the Government organs; and it is not without a sense of relief that we hail some one who is not only willing, but able, to give us an impartial view of the question *in extenso*. This we do not hesitate to say we have in an able pamphlet entitled "Notes on some Disputed Points of Indian Finance and Taxation," by Mr. H. S. Cunningham. The writer, a Judge of the High Court of Calcutta and a member of the Famine Commission, is enabled to speak from direct experience and with considerable authority upon the matters with which he deals; but, in spite of this, and true to his judicial frame of mind, he has contented himself with simply summing up the evidence that is already public property and contained in "official papers presented to Parliament, or other documents of unquestioned authority," without any attempt at rhetorical display or desire to do more than to state the facts as they actually exist.

The views concerning Indian finance which, as Mr. Cunningham says, "are commonly held and confidently expressed," and with which he is concerned in this pamphlet, are, to paraphrase his words, (1) That the finances of India have been of late years imprudently handled; that the funds have been wasted on unremunerative public works; that a ruinous indebtedness has been incurred; that a general collapse of finances is probable; and that, unless a change of system takes place, the British nation will have to take over its charge. (2) That the resources of the Government, inadequate as they are to secure its solvency, are provided only by excessive taxation, which has become relatively heavier of late years, and presses more and more severely on the resources of a community which, year by year, is sinking into more complete impoverishment.

After giving us a tabular statement of surplus or deficit in the revenues and charges from 1814-15 to 1859-60, in which it is shown that, while there was a total surplus of 8,895,437*l.* during that period, there was a total deficit of 79,195,416*l.*, and that only in times of peace was it possible to achieve a surplus, the writer proceeds to give us a "statement of assets and liabilities showing the precise financial position of the Indian Government at the close of the financial year 1878-79, the last for which the accounts have been completed." By this statement we see that the liabilities exceed the assets by 92,337,750*l.*; but against this we are told "must be set all the State property in India—public buildings, barracks, &c.—and the numerous costly improvements which have been effected in every part of the country," for which no account is given. Taking each item of this account separately, Mr. Cunningham points out that the public debt of India steadily increased from 1840 to 1862 from 29,970,000*l.* to 98,000,000*l.*, when there set in a gradual decline till 1866, when the debt stood at 90,510,000*l.* At this point—1867—began the systematic borrowing for Productive Public Works, and the debt from that period has gone on increasing until in 1879 it had reached the sum of 137,680,000*l.* Of this sum about 33½ millions have been spent on Productive Public Works, and more than 51 millions upon works other than those classed as "Productive," while the excess of guaranteed interest supplied to the shareholders of the railways makes up the handsome figure of 27,000,000*l.* Thus we see that some 60,000,000*l.* of the debt may be apportioned under the heading of Productive Public Works, for to the 33,500,000*l.* of expenditure upon them must be added the 27,000,000*l.* of excess interest on railways spent in encouraging the public to subscribe the necessary loans. If then it can be proved that this expenditure is not only justifiable, but that it is an improving investment, surely a strong case has been made out in support of the conclusion which Mr. Cunningham comes to, that the Indian financiers have, since the establishment of the budget system, succeeded in maintaining an equilibrium between revenue and expenditure; that the debt has only been increased for purposes remunerative to the Government and the country; that the charge for interest has not increased, and, lastly, that the Government is solvent and in no danger of ceasing to be so. To prove this Mr. Cunningham devotes a large portion of his pamphlet to the consideration of Productive Public Works. After giving a short history of their origin and progress up to 1879, he summarizes the main facts in a tabular form, showing that whilst in 1870 the total expenditure upon all Public Works was 5,515,000*l.* and the interest on the Public Debt 5,499,000*l.*, in 1880-1 the total expenditure is estimated at 1,882,000*l.* and the interest on the Public Debt at 5,491,000*l.* This at least indicates that "the scheme of Productive Public Works to be constructed on borrowed capital was a wise and sound one, has been skilfully and prudently carried out, and has fully justified the expectations of its originators." Added to this it must be remembered that the whole scheme is as yet in its infancy, and that many of the great Public Works have not yet begun to pay, owing to the fact that they are not yet finished, and that therefore a large amount of capital, upon which interest is calculated, still remains unproductive. In one item of Public Works—the Railways—the same table points out that while in 1870-1 they involved an outlay of 2,066,000*l.*, in 1876-7 and 1877-8 they were earning a profit, and that in 1880-1 the estimated profit stands at 1,024,000*l.* Perhaps as coming from the highest authority we may be allowed to quote a passage from Lord Hartington's speech on the Indian Budget last month, as supporting Mr. Cunningham's assertion, that where the debt had been increased it was only for purposes remunerative to the Government and the country.

"In 1868-9," says the Secretary of State for India, "the net charge on the revenues of India for interest on debt, interest and other charges for guaranteed companies, and working expenses and maintenance of State railways and irrigation works was 6,859,000*l.*; in 1880-1 it will, according to the Budget estimate, be 3,301,000*l.* In other words, while there has been a capital expenditure of 37,000,000*l.* on State works (down to the end of March 1880), in thirteen years the net charge for interest on debt has increased during that time by only 482,860*l.*, while the net receipts from guaranteed and State railways and other productive works have increased by 4,040,666*l.* (including 703,000*l.* credited to irrigation works on account of land revenue), showing a net improvement of 3,557,000*l.*"

Turning now to taxation, we are supplied with a table of the sources from which the taxes are derived, and we find that by far the largest of them is that of the land revenue, which supplies 22½ millions of the gross revenue of 65 millions. Combating the idea prevalent that this burden is greater now than it was forty years ago, Mr. Cunningham shows that in no instance is it due to the enlargement of the share claimed by the Government in the profits of the soil, but rather to the fact of increased population, increased area of cultivation, and increased price of agricultural produce, and, finally, after producing various proofs, his statement estimates the incidence of this tax at about 4*s.* per head of the land-owning population. As to the impost upon salt, which is the next source in point of importance, after showing that it was substituted for the native system of tolls on roads and navigable rivers, Mr. Cunningham estimates its incidence at 7*d.* per head, and the customs at 3½*d.* per head. The excise, stamp, provincial rates, and licence taxes are all treated by him seriatim, and the conclusion to which he comes we will give in his own words:—"The land-owner pays for land revenue, as we have seen, a sum ranging between three per cent. and seven per cent. on the gross produce of his land, and a further fraction by way of provincial rates. If he goes to law, he may contribute something to stamps; if he drinks, to excise; if he prefers English to native cloth, to customs; but, when he has paid his land revenue, his only imperative tax is 7*d.* for salt. He is probably the most lightly-taxed subject in the world, except the owner of personal property in India—money in the funds, &c.—who, though a millionaire, may, under like conditions of abstinence from the luxuries of drink, litigation, and English cloth, contribute nothing but 7*d.* to the expenses of the State; such a man is obviously undertaxed. The artisan's position is the same; the trader, when he has paid 7*d.* on salt (and if his gains are over 50*l.* per annum, his License-tax), may go free of further taxation; the only imperative tax on the agricultural labourer is the annual 7*d.* which he pays for salt. He is no doubt a very poor man, but his poverty can scarcely be said to be grievously enhanced by the exactions of the State." With a few remarks upon the more recent aspects of finance with regard to the war now in operation, Mr. Cunningham closes this able and very interesting brochure.

#### THE CITY CENSUS.

THERE was a little debate during one of the last sittings of the House of Commons as to the Census of London. Some of the citizens are desirous of having their numbers taken by day as well as by night. Their object is clear. It seems odd that, while the population of other great commercial capitals, such as Paris or Brussels, is well known, and is, moreover, such as might be expected; we only know about the greatest capital of all that some 60,000 people sleep within its precincts—a number absurdly small, not only if compared with foreign cities, but even with such suburbs as Chelsea or Paddington. More than half a million inhabit London by day—only a tithe of them by night. Mr. Talbot, in bringing forward his motion, dwelt on the unsatisfactory character of the returns as at present made. Only 356 merchants were registered out of 6,000, only 33 brokers out of 3,000. On the other hand, there were no fewer than 44 farmers, or one to every 16 acres of the City area, and with them 3 farm bailiffs, 23 gardeners, and a shepherd. Thus London was made to appear at the head of the agricultural districts of England. Mr. Dodson made a strange objection to Mr. Talbot's proposal. That proposal simply amounted to this—that the City authorities should be allowed to spend some of their own money in ascertaining the number of persons actually employed within their boundaries by day. Mr. Dodson offered as a reason against the proposal that many people would be counted twice. This is no real objection. In fact, the object of Mr. Talbot's motion was that they should be counted twice, and there was not the least fear that any confusion or inconvenience could possibly be caused. On Mr. Beresford Hope pointing this out, Mr. Dodson added, still more unaccountably, that, if the work was not to be done by the officials of the Government, "he did not see how it could justly give its imprimatur to an enumeration for which it was not responsible." He did not, if he is correctly reported, give any reason to support this statement—which, to the unsophisticated reader, looks very like an imputation of bad faith to the City authorities. Mr. Courtney very briefly and succinctly put the question when he regarded the Census as, not a return showing merely where people slept on a particular night, but an accumulation of facts by which Parliament was to be guided in legislating for the country. In spite of support from both sides of the House, the motion was eventually lost by a majority of 45.

It is somewhat of a paradox to say that we can reckon the numbers of the living by the deaths. But in London as in most great cities no other record remains of the early population. Had it not been for the various calamities—massacre, Black Death, plague, and famine—which overtook the City in the middle ages, we should know nothing. Unfortunately such records are for the most part mere guesswork. We are told, for example, by an historian no less accurate than Tacitus, that 70,000 people were put to death by Boadicea in the three towns of Colchester, Verulam, and London; but this number gives us only a very slight clue to the population of the last-named city. There is reason to suppose that it was the least of the three, and it is very certain that not for many generations later did it attain the first rank among the cities of England. In the middle ages we have equally little authority in calculating the population. Stowe estimates the deaths in the first year of the sixteenth century from the Plague alone to amount to 30,000. Now, if we take the death-rate of the most unwholesome city in the kingdom, say Dublin, where political agitation and vanity have abandoned the place to every possible cause of unhealthiness, the death-rate in a population of 350,000 amounts to 10,000 per year. If, then, we assume that the Plague in 1500 was twice as fatal to the citizens of London as neglect is at the present day to those of Dublin, a population of about 450,000 would be represented. This may seem an excessive estimate; but long before, in the reign of Edward III., Sir Walter Manny purchased the Spital Croft from the monastery of St. Bartholomew as a cemetery, and it has been recorded that in 1349 50,000 people were buried in it. Here again the estimate may be very excessive. Mr. Riley, in a note as to the amount of wine in the City in 1416, makes a tantalizing observation on this subject. The City searchers made presentment that they had found as taverner's stock 154 tons on the east side of Walbrook, and 124 on the west. We may conclude, says Mr. Riley, that the population was largely in excess on the east side as compared with the west. To go still further back, Fitz-Stephen, writing in the time of Henry II., asserts unblushingly that 80,000 men mustered to support King Stephen. This must be a tremendous exaggeration, although Hallam is probably very much under the mark in estimating the population in the twelfth century as only 40,000, and Pegge is probably right when he supposes that an extra cipher has crept into Fitz-Stephen's manuscript. It will thus be seen that nothing can be more difficult and more hopeless than to approximate to the actual population before the seventeenth century. In 1636 the Lord Mayor estimated that there were about 700,000 souls within the Liberties; and just before the Great Plague, Howell, the author of the *Letters*, thought there were not less than a million and a half in all London. In the Plague of 1603–11, 14,000 people were believed to have died—as many as 4,000 in the one year 1609. In 1625, 35,417 people died of the Plague. In the Great Plague year, 1665, 100,000 victims are stated to be a moderate estimate of the deaths. In a curious old collection of notes relating to the Great Plague, published in 1721, we are told that in 1625 the burials were 54,265 and the christenings 6,983. The deaths therefore in that, the worst Plague year before the Great Plague, were to the births as 8 to 1. Some kind of idea might be obtained from a comparison of the bills of mortality, which were regularly published weekly after 1603. In 1682 Sir William Petty estimated the houses at 84,000, and the number of people at 672,000. Another writer of the same period estimated them at about 530,000. It is not, in fact, until the present century that any accurate and trustworthy information was obtained. In 1801 the population of all London was 864,845. In 1861 the people actually resident in the City were 113,387. In 1871 they had declined to 75,983; they will probably next year be found very little above 50,000.

Although the House of Commons declined to authorize the taking of a day's census by the City authorities, it may be a question whether the Lord Mayor and the governing body of the City are not competent to do it for themselves. The powers of the Corporation are very large, and although those points in the Census returns which some people consider inquisitorial might be successfully refused by the citizens, yet a very accurate approximation would be obtained of the number of those who, coming into London day after day to their business, are yet bound by no interests or duties beyond those arising from the diurnal occupation of perhaps a single chamber. If, as has been asserted in some quarters, the vote last week was of a party character and designed to prevent the Corporation from making what may be their best defence when the management of their revenues is inquired into, it is quite possible that another side of the question may be presented. The number must be very great of those who, merely renting chambers for commercial purposes within the City boundary, take no interest whatever in the management of its concerns, in the disposition of its revenues, in the assessment of its imposts, but leave all such matters in the hands of a small and, it must be allowed, inferior class, from among whom the great officers of the municipality are every now and then chosen. Sometimes a great banker, or other commercial magnate, comes forward and performs his public duties; but the whole body of those who make their money in London are more interested in the parochial rates of some village in Essex or Surrey than in any question, however important, which can arise as to the revenues of London. While therefore the day's census proposed might have strengthened the hands of those who are satisfied with the present state of affairs, it would also have betrayed the existence of an immense population of strangers and sojourners who do

nothing and care nothing for the right government and prosperity of the place to which they owe their fortunes. The present position of the City is altogether anomalous. In everything but one it abounds; it has wealth, beauty, prosperity, number of houses, churches, public buildings, and all other institutions worthy of the greatest commercial centre in the world, and yet it is so deficient in the important particular of population, that even Westminster, which we are puzzled whether to call a city or not, is at least five times as great. What is done in much larger places than the City—for instance, in Marylebone or St. Pancras—by a parochial vestry, is done in London by a Lord Mayor and the Corporation. It is true things are more thoroughly done in the City—that is to say, more expensively. Some of the most interesting back-slums in the world have been rooted up. Some of the most beautiful churches have been pulled down. Streets, only rivalled by those of Paris, have been run from end to end of the City. The highest degree of healthiness possible on so old a site has been attained. These things have cost vast sums of money—sums which are not at the disposal of the suburban Boards. It is to such works as these that the citizens must point when the hour of trial comes. As to the day census it cannot greatly matter whether it is taken by the authority of the House of Commons or merely by that of the Common Council.

#### THE ORANG OUTANG.

A "NEW NOVELTY," as the *Times* advertisement somewhat redundantly calls it, has arrived at the Aquarium in the shape of a nearly full-grown Orang Outang, the most human in appearance and habits of all the anthropoid apes. The present specimen comes from Malacca, and stands between four and five feet high, and, except for the disproportionate length of its arms and for the hand-like conformation of the foot, has very little of the monkey and very much of the negro about him. The notice circulated in the Aquarium informs us that the animal is very seldom seen by man save when it is attempting to rob him, "and is curiously like the native races in its superficial resemblance and many of its habits." It would have been interesting to have hired a native Dyak, and placed him near the cage for purposes of comparison, while a member of the Criminal Investigation Department might have reported on "many of the habits" both of keeper and ape.

Long before the theory of evolution was ever dreamed of, the relationship of the "wild man of the woods" to the human family was universally acknowledged, although early naturalists having only the imperfect accounts of the travellers of the time to rely upon, were somewhat hazy about the differentiation of pongos, chimpanzees, gorillas, and orang outangs, but all agree in regarding the anthropoid ape as a form of the natural and original man. The ancients solved the question in their usual way, and ascribed to him a semi-divine character and origin, and evolved from the descriptions available to them their notion of Pans, fauns, satyrs, and the rest of the woodland minor deities. The Orphic invocation of Pan (Hymn xi.)—

"Ἐλθε μάκαρ σκιρτήτῃ φίλνθεος ἀντροδιάτῃ  
Ἀρμονίῃν κόσμοιο κρέκων φιλοπαίγμονι μολεῖν  
Κοσμοκράτωρ βακχευτή—

is little more than a poetic forestalling of Linnæus's description of the orang outang, "*Homo nocturnus, troglodytes, Silvestris, orang-outang, Bontii. Corpus album, incesu erectum. . . . Loquitur sibillo, cogitat, ratiocinatur, credit sui causâ factam tellurem, se aliquando iterum fore imperantem.*" The last attribute was, we suppose, suggested both to the naturalist and the poet by the supercilious gaze with which the creature surveys its human relations. The Bacchic character assigned to him is borne out by the known fondness for the glass which he develops in captivity, and which Wilhelm Busch, of *Münchener Bilderbogen* fame, has so happily hit off in "Fipps the Ape," and others of his inimitable designs, though it is true that the caricaturist has made scientific accuracy subservient to effect by giving his mischievous and jovial heroes a prehensile tail.

Certainly the orang outang presents many features strikingly in common with man, and one which Buffon saw and studied is described as being of sweet temper, having the instinct to sit at table and behave himself with perfect propriety. More than one instance is recorded of their having learnt to play a few notes on a flute—whence no doubt Pan's celebrated pipes—and, although they do not appear ever to have learnt to articulate words, Tisson, who dissected one, declared it to possess perfect vocal organs exactly corresponding to our own. Buffon's account of the creature would seem to indicate that, although he classes him with the apes, he was particularly struck with his human qualities:—"He has no tail; his arms, hands, fingers, and nails are like our own; he always walks erect; he has features very similar to those of man, with ears of the same shape, hair upon his head, a beard upon his chin, and skin neither more nor less hairy than man possesses in a state of nature. The inhabitants, therefore, of his country have not hesitated to associate him with the human race under the name of *orang outang*, or 'wild man.' Looking only at his face, one might regard the orang outang either as the first of apes or the last of men; because, with the exception of a soul, he lacks nothing that we have, and because in body he

differs less from man than he does from the other animals to which the name of ape is given."

The observations of early naturalists and travellers exaggerate his peculiarities in many respects, as might indeed be expected. In a state of nature he does not build himself houses as has been asserted, his nest being merely a rude platform of sticks on the lower branches of a tree, covered, in some rare cases, with a few broad leaves for a roof. Although he is capable of appreciating the use of fire, and will warm himself at one which travellers have left, he seems to have no notion of keeping it in even by throwing on a log or two. Though he does walk erect on two legs, his favourite method of progression is by his hands from branch to branch of a tree; so that, after all, his resemblance to a man is at the best superficial. Still it is very desirable that the habits of such a creature should be carefully studied, when no doubt many interesting idiosyncrasies would be discovered.

The close resemblance which does exist between the orang outang and man, a genial satirist of the commencement of this century, whose works are too little read, Thomas Love Peacock, has turned to good advantage in a political novelette called *Melin-court; or, Sir Oran Haut-Ton*. The latter is a gentle simian of the same race as the distinguished visitor to the Aquarium, who, having been captured in "the woods of Angola" when very young, is brought up by a sympathetic negro family, and ultimately finds his way into the possession of a certain Mr. Forester, who, charmed by his gentleness and accomplishments, purchases for him a baronetcy and an estate, introduces him into good society, and proposes to get him returned to Parliament for the rotten borough of One-vote. The idea is, of course, an extravagant one, but in the author's hands it furnishes the base not only for an amusing story, but the opportunity for ventilating sound common-sense views upon the politics of his day, with suggestions for the reform of the most glaring abuses, some of which have since been swept away; concerning some that still remain Peacock's words are full of profit and instruction.

It is a matter of regret that so interesting an animal, and one so difficult to obtain as the specimen now being exhibited, should have been secured as a mere additional attraction for a popular place of amusement, where, thanks to gas, alternations of temperature, and other necessarily unsuitable conditions, he must before long share the fate of the whales, the manatee, and the rest of the unfortunate "additions to the programme." In almost every other country of Europe he would have been secured for the Zoological Society of the place, in whose gardens his health would have been carefully watched, and his habits would have afforded an interesting study to scientific men. We cannot believe that a Society which equipped expeditions to bring home giraffes and the first hippopotamus seen in Europe for 1,500 years would shrink at even a considerable sacrifice of cost and trouble to add so important an animal as this unique full-grown anthropoid ape to their collection.

#### MR. HUBERT PARRY'S *PROMETHEUS UNBOUND*.

THE festival of the three Western Cathedral towns has long been known for the liberality of its musical entertainment. As no English festival used to be held to be complete without the performance of the *Messiah* and the *Elijah*, so now, it seems that the performance of a work by a living English composer is the necessary complement of those time-hallowed oratorios. When some months ago it was whispered that the authorities of Gloucester had asked Mr. Hubert Parry to write something for them, and that he had chosen for his subject *Prometheus Unbound*, musicians felt sure that the result would be a work of much more than mere novelty. Many instrumental compositions of different form from Mr. Parry's pen have already been heard—the latest being a Piano-forte Concerto at the Richter Concerts—and entitle him to serious consideration as a master of his art. So far as we are aware this is his first large vocal work. It would be difficult to determine his musical genealogy. We have found passages in his present work which suggest that Beethoven and Wagner have gone before; but he does not appeal to us in their language. As Shelley says:—"Poets not otherwise than philosophers, painters, sculptors, and musicians, are in one sense the creators, in another the creations, of their age. There is a similarity between Homer and Hesiod, between Æschylus and Euripides, between Virgil and Horace, between Dante and Petrarch. Each has a generic resemblance under which their specific differences are arrayed. If this similarity be the result of imitation, I am willing to confess that I have imitated." Mr. Parry may be content to be an imitator in such company.

Before his work had been heard the adventure seemed truly Titanic. Mr. Parry, some said, might have as well attempted to set his Prometheus to scale Olympus as to attempt to give a musical form to Shelley's poem, and express in terms of sound the thought and circumstance of him who aspired to be "the Saviour and the strength of suffering men." We had, therefore, better say at the outset that all doubt of the achievement was set at rest by Tuesday's performance. It is impossible at one hearing, and without the advantage of a score, to do justice to such a work. But the power and originality are beyond question. Naturally Mr. Parry's libretto is a very small part of Shelley's poem. Yet we do not find any of the great guiding motives left out. Mr. Parry's art, dealing as it does with series of feeling which imply some corresponding actuality, possesses a *mise en scène*

of its own, and enables him to dispense with a number of accessories which were to Shelley the cunning juncture of his lyrical drama.

We are disposed to dwell on this point because the very learning and detail, the accurate adjustment of music to each single word, and the number of minor climaxes, together with a dramatic character unusual in a Cantata, may convey an impression of instability, and restlessness, and want of coherence in the parts. Time and analysis will decide this. Meantime of the spirit which animates the work we can speak with more certainty. There is a scene in *Consuelo* in which Niccolò Porpora bids young Joseph Haydn strive to portray, not so much things in themselves, as his ideas of things. It is the same fundamental distinction which Beethoven drew when he prefixed to the "Pastoral Symphony" his famous apologia, or maxim, "Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei." This, if we mistake not, is the principle of Mr. Parry's workmanship. Except some of those great works which owe their inspiration to the life and passion of Christ, we cannot call to mind any that deals so ideally with patience under pain, with courage against omnipotent force, with human love and the sympathy of nature.

Mr. Parry has divided his subject into four "Scenes," each musically continuous and complete. The first represents Prometheus in a ravine of rocks in the Indian Caucasus, bound to a precipice:—

Pain, pain, ever for ever.

No change, no pause, in hope yet I endure.

It is indeed the apotheosis of pain. In the second, the spirits who,

Gentle guides and guardians be

Of heaven-oppressed mortality,

ascend at the bidding of Mother Earth to console him, but in vain, for he feels "most vain all hope but love." The third scene represents Jupiter on his throne, vaunting his omnipotence, when the hour that is to put a period to his reign arrives, and he is hurled off down the abyss to dwell in darkness with Demogorgon. The last part is filled with the joy of mankind at their deliverance, and the sympathy of the world of spirits and of nature in the victory of Prometheus, who is "the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and the truest motives to the best and noblest ends."

The Cantata opens with a short introduction, "maestoso, ma non troppo lento." It produced upon us something akin to the impression left by the Representation of Chaos at the beginning of Haydn's *Creation*, and it prepares for the invocation of Jupiter by Prometheus, "Monarch of gods and demons," the opening lines of Shelley. An iterated figure of three notes, with a long *crescendo accelerando*, in which, by the way, the orchestration was so full that we lost for a moment the solo voice, conveys the eternity of pain, and leads to the climax:—

The sea, in storm or calm,

Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?

But the supremacy of intellect quickly reasserts itself to the words:—

But yet to me welcome is day and night,

set to a calm, rhythmical melody of eight bars, which made the audience feel how safe they were, under the composer's guidance, of issue through the stress to victory. The number works up again to a defiance of Jupiter, and passes into a Chorus of Voices from the Mountains:—

Thrice three hundred thousand years

O'er the earthquake couch we stood,

Oft as men convulsed with fears

We trembled in our multitude.

This is one of the most original parts of the work, and deepened the effect of the introduction, as if endless peals of echoes were set ringing, and each peal resolved itself, in obedience to some mighty law, into a higher and ampler rhythm, till

The mountains bowed their snowy crest

At the voice of thine unrest;

and the clarionets and bassoons drag slower and slower their repetition of the triplet, and yield to the unwilling voice of Mercury (Mr. Edward Lloyd) bringing up the fiends for the extreme torture of Prometheus. In the dialogue which follows, Mr. E. Lloyd's phrasing was as good as it could be, especially in the climax, when Mercury tempts Prometheus to part with his secret, which would preserve the doomed reign of Jupiter.

If thou might'st dwell among the gods the while,

Lapped in voluptuous joy.

The chorus of furies which concludes the first part was well attacked by a fine body of voices, who, however, were scarcely yet familiar with the composer's method of expression.

The second part opens with a contralto solo (Mme. Patey). His mother summons, to cheer Prometheus, the "subtle and fair spirits whose homes are the dim caves of human thought." The chorus for female voices which follows is melodious and antiphonous in its character, and through Mr. Parry's music can be felt the music of Shelley's own verse. Prometheus rejoins in a number of the work that will repay close study. A beautiful enharmonic change like the symbol of a new birth occurs during the words:—

And thou art far

Asia, who, when my being overflowed,

Wert like a golden chalice to bright wine,

Which else had sunk into the thirsty dust.

Upon this supervenes a new melody complete in itself to the words—

All things are still—alas! how heavily  
The quiet morning weighs upon my heart.

This again proceeds into a rhythmical recitative:—

There is no agony, no solace left;  
Earth can console, heaven can torment no more.

The movement concludes with a quartet for solo, perhaps the most purely beautiful number of the work, to the sublime words—

Life of life, thy lips enkindle  
With their love the breath between them, &c.—

words which are "already," as Mr. Symonds lately said, "Melody more purged from mortal dross than other poet has sung." To set such stanzas adequately strikes us as no mean test of capacity. Mr. Parry's setting must be heard in order to realize how, without impairing an accent, he has contrived to endow Shelley's verse with under-currents of added melody. We may quote one from music, the opening of Schubert's song, "Ganymede," to Goethe's words—"Wie im Morgenglanze, du rings mich anglühst."

The leading melody is taken in the first verse by the soprano, in the second by the tenor. The third is for contralto solo, in a cognate but entirely fresh key. The third division of the work opens in *modo di marcia*. Jupiter, vain-glorious, was finely rendered by Mr. Edward Lloyd. The words of Demogorgon are assigned to the tenors and basses in unison or else in simple harmony upon a pedal. But the effect was marred by a mistake in the violins and trombones. Meantime Hercules unbinds Prometheus, and the Spirit of the Hour (soprano) begins the fourth part, after a short *andante* of a reposeful character, by telling how she "wandering went among the haunts and dwellings of man, and behold thrones were kingless"—

... nor pride, nor jealousy, nor envy, nor ill shame,  
Spoil the sweet taste of the nepenthe Love,

the cumulative pointedness of which was rendered by Miss Anna Williams with due contrast and reservation of strength.

After a long chorus, which taxed the singers, but which a little familiarity would, we think, render easily intelligible, there follows another beautiful and flowing quartet:—

The mind of human kind,  
Which late was so dark and obscure and blind;  
Now 'tis an ocean of clear emotion,  
A heaven of serene and mighty motion.  
... and beyond our eyes  
The human love lies  
That makes all it gazes on Paradise.

The last chorus is as bright as it can be, full of dance and mirth; and the fugal character of the setting of

As the waves of a thousand streams rush by

was especially effective, as reasserting the orderliness which is a condition of the highest pleasure, till it lost itself in

An ocean of splendour and harmony.

We must confess that the work gave us so much pleasure that we have no temper for questioning the taste of certain passages which seem over-instrumented, and of others which betray a slight monotony in the constant use of the wind instruments. We are informed that the work was only just finished in time, and these blemishes, if blemishes they be, will no doubt be removed when, as we hope, some enterprising publisher prints the score for a second performance. No great vocal work by a modern English composer exists of equal pretension, and, we must add, of equal performance. It demands and deserves the closest attention.

## REVIEWS.

### LIFE AND TIMES OF BISHOP DOYLE.\*

MR. FITZPATRICK tells us that the first edition of his biography of Dr. Doyle has obtained "a reputation for scarcity." Second-hand copies have fetched more than the original price, and the appearance of an odd volume at an auction of books has occasioned quite a brisk competition. By the deaths of several of Dr. Doyle's contemporaries, with whom he had carried on an unreserved correspondence, Mr. Fitzpatrick has been enabled to enrich and much enlarge the new edition. Hence a great increase of political and personal memoranda, much of which is of very restricted interest, has swollen the volumes, in spite of their small print, to a bulk which will appal every reader who is not an Irishman or a Roman Catholic clergyman. Although, however, the book is not readable as a whole, it is a valuable contribution to modern Irish history, and is very rich indeed in readable passages. The author has not the gift of compression—indeed, he seems to regard the utmost possible expansion of detail as the primary obligation of a biographer. Many a chapter reads like a series of extracts from old newspapers, reporting speeches, long debates, ecclesiastical ceremonies, or editorial opinions, the interest of which evaporated with the moment.

\* *The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, LL.D. New Edition. 2 vols. Dublin: Duffy & Sons. 1880.

Dr. Doyle belonged to a family which gave several of its sons to the ministry of the Roman Catholic Church at a period, as his biographer puts it, "when the ban of the State lay upon mass-houses, and the gibbet forbade the existence of a priest." The sept of O'Doyle traces back its name to "Dubhghail, King of Ulster, in the tenth century." The sept was famous for its hatred to the Danes. At the Reformation, the Doyles of County Wexford, the branch of the family from which the Bishop descended, "made a strong stand against the temptations and encroachments of Protestantism." It is scarcely needful to say that the later generations were zealous Jacobites. Five Doyles occur amongst the names of the Roman Catholic gentry of Wexford, Meath, Kildare, and Dublin, who were outlawed and attainted in 1691 "for opposing the usurpation of William III." In 1707, a privateer manned by Irish and Scotch Jacobites sailed from France for the Wexford coast. Thady Doyle, a Wexford Jacobite, led the van, and pointed out the houses of the Protestants and the Roman Catholics in order that the pious marauders might "plunder the former and spare the latter." After a few pages of genealogical and historical introduction which remind us of the opening of a novel, Mr. Fitzpatrick begins his biography, or, as he expresses himself, comes "to the more immediate object of our narrative." He opens in the finest style of the late Mr. Pierce Egan, the author of *Robin Hood, Wat Tyler*, and other historico-biographical romances:—

One fine autumn day in the year 1786 a young and interesting-looking woman, in dense but homely weeds, and with eyes red from weeping, was observed [by some chronicler whose name, date, and record are not given] to wend her way along the banks of the Barrow, and proceed towards New Ross, which so picturesquely overhangs it. She had evidently approached that trying period of domestic life when the terrors and joys of approaching maternity blend; and it was whispered by the crones of the town that death had just deprived her of a husband's care.

Mr. Fitzpatrick describes her husband as eccentric, impulsive, upright, but wrong-headed. He proceeds:—

Passing beneath the old groined archway of Bishopsgate, the young widow disappeared from the pursuing scrutiny of some idlers; but they quickened their pace, and arrived in time to see her enter an obscure lodging-house in that portion of Ross known as "the Irish Town." It was subsequently noticed, with significant nods, that a messenger had been despatched, &c.

Life is short, and our biographer's art is provokingly long. A doctor was sent for, the future "J. K. L." was born, and was christened James Warren Doyle. We cannot but think that, after the lapse of a century, such transient phenomena as the "significant nods" which preceded Dr. Doyle's birth might be left out of the chronicle. But the extract will give the reader some conception of the biographer's manner, and will perhaps fill him with terror at the thought of reading about eleven hundred pages compiled in so flatulent a style. Mr. Fitzpatrick's imitation of the poor tricks of the penny-a-liner who has next to nothing to tell us is all the more provoking because he has no need to resort to them, since he has a great deal to tell. Indeed he is so full of matter, he is so exclusively the master and the specialist of the subject under his hand, he has been so diligent and painstaking in his study of it, he has so persistently interviewed or corresponded with every one who could give him any help, he is so truly a sort of living Annual Register of the details of modern Irish history, biography, and anecdote, that he could have afforded to dispense with the wearisome expansiveness which characterizes him as a narrator. Few persons, at all events out of Ireland or Irish America, can want to know all that Mr. Fitzpatrick has collected concerning his hero. His wordy exuberance and profusion of metaphor lead him into odd contradictions. He tells us, for instance, in one page that "the immediate ancestors of Dr. Doyle," until nine years prior to his birth, "inoffensively pursued the uneven tenour of their way, solely intent on their daily toil, rarely raising their heads to look in the face of those who rode roughshod over them, sternly submitting to indignities they dared not resent, and thanking God when allowed to toil unmolested." He describes them as "poor, persecuted Catholics, with chains clanking at their heels." In the very next page he discounts this sum of horrors by informing us that "old James Doyle, the little stranger's father, contrary to the advice of many friends, speculated largely in land, and his means after a few years became seriously crippled in consequence." A comparison of the two passages forces us to conclude that the "poor" Mr. Doyle had money to speculate with, and that the "clanking chains" of the former passage were not made of iron, nor forged by the Saxon tyrant, but were wrought by Mr. Doyle's own folly.

Dr. Doyle will always remain an important and a fascinating figure in the history of Ireland. As Mr. Gladstone has truly said of him in his pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, he was "the prelate who more than any other represented his Church, and influenced the mind of this country in favour of concession at the time of emancipation." He contrasts most favourably with O'Connell as an Irish agitator; his patriotism was more pure, just, and sensible, less revolutionary, malicious, and egotistic, than that of the great Repealer. Even if Dr. Doyle had never pressed his way to the front of the political stage, nor made an impression upon his contemporaries as one of the most powerful of living controversialists, the silent side of his life, his ascetic yet genial piety, his zeal and success as the bishop of a poor Roman Catholic diocese, would have been worth relating. He was a born pastor as well as a born agitator, and it is curious to see how harmoniously the two very different characters were united in him, and with what sagacity and fidelity he prevented them from being confounded. This was

due in part to his natural gifts, in part to his exceptional training. While he was a theological student at the Augustinian College at Coimbra in Portugal, he shouldered his gun as a volunteer when the Portuguese rose against Napoleon. At his ordination in 1809, a year after his temporary service as soldier, he manifested a freedom of judgment which would be characterized as Protestant rather than Popish in our generation. He had a great repugnance to the "degradation," as he called it in one of his letters to Bishop O'Connor, of the mendicant system of the friars. When some of his Augustinian brethren told him, jokingly, that he would some day be compelled to go out, barefooted, with a bag on his back, to beg his bread from door to door, Doyle exclaimed indignantly, "Never!" adding, indeed, after a pause, "Of course, if commanded, I must take up that as well as other crosses; but I hope I shall never be compelled to contribute to so great a lowering of the priestly character." It is more surprising to those who know the tendency and aim of the educational battle which the Roman clergy are now fighting in nearly every State, in America as well as in Europe, to learn that the great Irish controversialist was a zealous advocate of the mixed school system, the destruction of which is the principal aim of the modern *Kulturkampf*. "I do not see," he said, when examined before Parliament, how any man wishing well to the public peace, and who looks to Ireland as his country, can think that that peace can ever be permanently established, or the prosperity of the country secured, if children are separated at the beginning of life on account of their religious opinions. I do not know any measure which would prepare the way for a better feeling in Ireland than uniting children at an early age, and bringing them up in the same school, leading them to commune with one another, and to form those little intimacies and friendships which often subsist through life. Children thus united know and love each other as children brought up together always will, and to separate them is, I think, to destroy some of the finest feelings in the hearts of men.

While Dr. Doyle was a student he came under the influence of the wave of French scepticism which was still unspent in Southern Europe.

I found myself surrounded [he wrote] by the disciples or admirers of D'Alembert, Rousseau, and Voltaire. I frequently traversed in company with them the halls of the Inquisition, and discussed in the area of the Holy Office those arguments or sophisms for the suppression of which this awful tribunal was ostensibly employed. At the time the ardour of youth, the genius of the place, the spirit of the time, as well as the example of my companions, prompted me to inquire into all things, and to deliberate whether I should take my station amongst the infidels, or remain attached to Christianity.

It is possible that he more or less unconsciously imbibed much of what was reasonable, tolerant, and ethically Christian in the teaching of the fathers of scepticism; while he was saved from becoming their slave by his firmly rooted faith, his pious and self-sacrificing life, and by his constant attendance at the spiritual retreats which were conducted by the ecclesiastics of Coimbra with the special aim of protecting the young against the infidel movement. It is observable that Doyle does not fall into the extravagant railing of his biographer, who describes the movement amongst the students as the "hellish hurricane." He was himself an example of the immense value of full contact with the lay mind in the schooling of the ecclesiastic. His experiences at Coimbra gave him in later years a power of thinking himself into the mental position of adversaries, such as a merely protective and one-sided seminarian culture never could have produced.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's memoir is richly studded with anecdotes and sketches of his attractive hero as politician, scholar, theological professor, bishop, religious director, and friend. The biographer has a keen eye for humour, and has thrown in a number of specimens of Irish wit, particularly in his foot-notes. But there is one characteristic of Dr. Doyle as an Irish Roman Catholic prelate which deserves particular notice—his attitude towards the Anglican Church. He was a friend to what is now called "corporate re-union." His conceptions on this point were utterly impracticable, since he imagined that there could be no satisfactory solution of the division between the rival Churches in Ireland except by the submission of the Anglicans to "the chair of St. Peter." Nevertheless, in spite of his foreign education and his hereditary prepossessions, his clear mind arrived at the conclusion—and it had all the force of a surprising revelation—that the English Church differed fundamentally from the Protestant Churches on the Continent, and from the sects in the United Kingdom. He was at war with Archbishops Whately and Magee; it is curious to learn that Sydney Smith wrote to Bishop Doyle urging him, as the only competent man in Ireland, to reply to Archbishop Magee's beligerent charge. "There," said the Anglican canon of St. Paul's, "he will find his match in 'J. K. L.,' and I will immolate the beast in the *Edinburgh Review*." On his deathbed Dr. Doyle received a letter from Sydney Smith, declaring that a public expression of his opinion on Church property at that crisis "would be hailed as a boon by the British Dissenters," as well as by Roman Catholics.

Any notion of ecclesiastical union with Rome would have horrified Sydney Smith or Whately. It was otherwise with Dr. Jebb, Bishop of Limerick, whom Doyle described as "an object of veneration to every person in the Empire." Doyle's views on the possibility of uniting the Churches were expressed in 1824, and, curiously enough, in a letter to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Ripon. The latter, on a motion of Mr. Hume concerning the Church Establishment, had said that he was "anxious to see the Protestant and Catholic Churches re-united." Hereupon Dr. Doyle enthusiastically wrote to him. The whole story of this interesting episode is detailed at

length by Mr. Fitzpatrick. The biographer himself seems to feel that he is treading upon dangerous ground, and is obliged to confess that Dr. Doyle's letter was "regarded by extreme Catholic ecclesiastics as unworthy of a prelate in communion with the Holy See." It was Dr. Doyle's sanguine expectation that "the next General Council would make some changes" in a precisely opposite direction to those which have been actually made by the Council of the Vatican. It is significant to find the Roman prelate's biographer apologetically observing that "Dr. Doyle threw off his letter to Mr. Robinson in great haste, and we fear that hitherto it has not been generally understood"; while the Roman prelate himself believed that "the short Bill" which he undertook to frame, "if passed by Parliament, would effect a union . . . and that once effected, our idolatry and England's heresy would shortly disappear." Mr. Fitzpatrick prints the further correspondence between Dr. Doyle and Mr. Newenham, of Gloucester. It is evident that Dr. Doyle had no favour for the notion of the separation of Church and State; he fell back upon the traditions of the Concordats and of the Royal re-unions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. His views would probably be regarded as a little stained with "Erastianism" by "the prelates" of the Order for Corporate Re-union. Dr. Doyle wrote to Mr. Newenham:—

I am satisfied that there are too many sects amongst us, and too many speculators in religion throughout the Empire, to suffer any individuals, however able and influential, to succeed in uniting the great Churches of England and Rome. The Pope and our Government could alone effect this union, if practicable—as it is, in my opinion.

Dr. Doyle suggested to Mr. Robinson that the discredited experiment, tried so often by princes at the time of the Reformation, might be tried again—a suggestion which shows how deficient he was alike in historical and prophetic insight. He proposed that "Protestant and Catholic divines of learning and a conciliatory character" should be "summoned by the Crown to ascertain the points of agreement and difference between the Churches," and that the result of their conferences should be "made the basis of a project to be treated between the heads of the Church of Rome and of England." The whole conception rested on the assumption that each Church is papally constituted, that the "head is everything and the body nothing." A national Church rests on the basis of the actual universe, and its constitution has developed naturally upon the lines of the providential ordering of human history. But Dr. Doyle's "Catholic Church" was based upon two assumptions, each of which was quite incapable of being proved—(1) that St. Peter was the visible head of the whole Church, and (2) that every bishop forced by an internationalist cardinalate upon the contemporary local Church of Rome, without a care for that Church's approval or disapproval, has become *ipso facto* the inheritor of the imaginary world-wide jurisdiction of St. Peter. The ingenuous controversialist unconsciously showed the utter impracticability of his sanguine hopes when, upon a passing reference by Mr. Newenham to Pascal and Quesnel, he hastily replied, "The very mention of Quesnel would cause every Catholic to revolt from you," and spoke of his name as "odious" to all Roman Catholics. Still more clear, to every one but himself, was the illisiveness of the scheme when he, its foremost Roman Catholic champion, could expressly state to his correspondent that he "would, with the grace of God, suffer death a thousand times, were it possible, rather than assent to anything regarding faith which would not be approved of by the successor of Peter."

#### ARBER'S ENGLISH GARNER.\*

MR. ARBER is distinguished among all the learned purveyors for a taste in old English literature by the modesty of his claims upon the purses of his customers. It is now twelve years since he startled and delighted the scholarly world by issuing a charming little edition of the *Areopagitica* at the not exorbitant price of sixpence. He was the first editor to conceive the notion that impressions of rare English classics might be welcome not merely to luxurious elderly gentlemen with heavy balances at their bankers', but to youths of a literary turn, to poor scholars, and to the whole world of studious habits and limited resources. The handsome quartos of the clubs and the limited editions of connoisseurs present a single work to their readers at a price which exceeds what Mr. Arber has been content to ask for twenty of his separate reprints. He has persevered in the face of great difficulties, and after publishing *The Paston Letters*, indulging us with a beautiful edition of *Euphues*, preparing "a harmony" of four issues of Bacon's *Essays*, and reviving the memory of scores of excellent and half-forgotten works, he can claim a foremost place among the labourers of our time in the mines of Elizabethan treasure. His reticence as an editor is not among the least of his excellences. While others too often weary us by the length and pomposity of their introductions, Mr. Arber seems in a hurry to bring us face to face with his author, and lingers on the threshold, at most, but for a few moments, with a succinct bibliographical note, or necessary preface. Sometimes, as in the third volume of the work before us, he is even too brief, and scarcely introduces us at all to the new acquaintance.

\* *An English Garner: Ingatherings from our History and Literature.* By Edward Arber, F.S.A. 3 vols. Southgate: E. Arber.

In the *English Garner* Mr. Arber has made a new departure. The object of these three handsome volumes is, as he tells us in a prefatory note, to present to us "a vast amount of incomparable poetry and most stirring prose," most of which is not only unknown, but inaccessible to the ordinary student. Mr. Arber has had the courtesy to lay his magnificent library in some measure at Mr. Arber's disposal, and this has enabled Mr. Arber to enrich his collection with some of the rarest tracts in existence. The volumes really form a miscellany of prose and verse, chosen with two ends in view—namely, that every piece should be rare, and each intrinsically valuable. The selection covers about two centuries, the earliest reprint being Wynken de Worde's *Manner of the Triumph at Calais and Boulogne*, 1532; and the latest, Prince's *Chronological History of New England*, printed in 1736. Poetry, history, social science, criticism, travels, all are freely represented in this extraordinary collection, the value of which it would be difficult to overrate, especially when it is added that the reader is offered for a few shillings what several hundred pounds would not buy in its original form. It should be added that Mr. Arber has modernized the spelling in every case. The only criticism we have to make upon the principle of selection is that, in order to gain variety of contents, he has admitted, but in the first volume only, several short poems by Suckling, Lodge, and others, which are too widely known to claim a place in such a casket of rarities.

The subjects and styles of the successive treatises are purposely varied as much as possible, but we must put them into some sort of arrangement in order to give a clear idea of what the volumes contain. In poetry, first, there is given the whole of several famous volumes, which are attainable indeed, but only at a high price. Prominent among these are Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* and Constable's *Diana*. Daniel's collection of sonnets called *Delia* has indeed been reprinted; but one of the original editions of Daniel, though all these are rare, is more easy to pick up than the costly reprint. Still more valuable are the collections of the writings of two poets, who may be said to be as entirely as undeservedly unknown to the public. From an almost unique exemplar, belonging to Mr. Huth, Mr. Arber has reproduced *The Secrets of Angling*, by John Dennys, a poem published in 1613, after the death of its author, whose fame has been preserved by an extract from his work in Izaak Walton's *Complete Angler*. The poem itself proves to be more than a mere curiosity. It is fluently and brightly composed in *ottava rima*; in the use of which measure, as well as in his general style, Dennys shows himself a disciple of Samuel Daniel. But he is no mere imitator; he keeps "his eye well on the object," and his verse is as vivid as its subject is original. Dennys should not in future be overlooked as a considerable figure in the second rank of Shakspeare's contemporaries. The other poet whom Mr. Arber has discovered and revived in these volumes is Dr. Thomas Campion, the musician, about whose career we should have been grateful to the editor for a few particulars. Campion's three volumes of verse, dating from 1601 to 1613, reveal him as a lyricist of unequal merit, rising at his very best to a point a little below absolute excellence. Yet the recovery of his verses, buried for the most part, in musical scores, would have thoroughly rewarded all editorial pains had it but revealed the following exquisite song, which we may take as being Campion's most satisfactory achievement:—

Thrice toss these oaken ashes in the air!  
Thrice sit thou mute in this enchanted chair!  
Then thrice three times tie up this true love's knot!  
And murmur soft, "She will, or she will not!"

Go burn these poisonous weeds in yon blue fire!  
These screech-owl's feathers, and this prickling briar!  
This cypress gathered at a dead man's grave!  
That all thy fears and cares an end may have.

Then come, you Fairies, dance with me a round!  
Melt her hard heart with your melodious sound!  
In vain are all the charms I can devise!  
She hath an art to break them with her eyes.

Among the many contributions to topography and the history of travel contained in the volumes before us, we look upon the Portuguese chronicles of Linschoten as being the most valuable; they are reprinted from the 1598 edition of the *Discourses of Voyages*. The famous exploit of this traveller consisted in a voyage in a Portuguese carrack to Goa, in 1583. This treatise gives us a most curious account of the rule of the Portuguese in India, and of the conduct of the ships used in their trade. It took Linschoten one hundred and sixty-six days to go from Lisbon to Goa, where his carrack left him, proceeding to Cochín for cinnamon and cloves. He lived in Goa for many years, under the protection of the Archbishop of the Indies, and his account of the trade of the Portuguese was so minute and circumstantial that it eventually led to the efforts made, and successfully made, by the Dutch to acquire that trade for themselves. In another part of these volumes we are given a reprint from Hakluyt of the account given of Goa by Thomas Stevens, an English Jesuit, who was the first Englishman that reached India by the Cape of Good Hope. In the same connexion will be read with interest the narratives of the first Englishmen who arrived in India overland, John Eldred and Ralph Fitch, traders who went in 1583 by Aleppo, Bagdad, Bassorah, and Ormuz, at the cost of two rich London merchants, armed with letters from Queen Elizabeth to Akbar, Emperor of Cambaia, and to the Emperor of China, about whose name her English Majesty did not hazard a conjecture. First at Ormuz and afterwards at Goa they were imprisoned on suspicion, but escaped, and Fitch, who succeeded in finding the Emperor Akbar at Agra,

pushed across the peninsula, crossed the Ganges, and reached Pegu, Malacca, and Ceylon, returning to England in 1591. His companion, Newbery, seems to have been lost in attempting to return from Goa through Persia.

As an example of a very different kind of literature, we may point to the Rev. T. Prince's "History of New England" from its earliest settlement to the year 1633 as one of the most fascinating of the little books comprised in these rich volumes. It is, in fact, by far the largest single work that Mr. Arber has admitted into his *English Garner*. It is a pity that he did not add a few particulars about its author, who is one of the most interesting figures of early American literature. Thomas Prince was a Massachusetts man, who lived from 1687 to 1758, and who spent his whole life, from his very childhood, in the study of colonial history. But his treatise was a pecuniary failure, and remained a fragment, that fragment, however, being absolutely invaluable from its fulness and accuracy. As a prelude to this voluminous work, Mr. Arber prints part of Captain John Smith's *Present State of New England*, published in 1626.

For those who delight in literature of the anecdotal and humorous kind, Mr. Arber has preserved a number of pamphlets describing a combat between an English gentleman of Tavistock, armed with a quarterstaff, and three Spaniards, in 1625; an account of the recapture of St. Helena, in 1673; the relations of Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker, with John Milton; a "fearful, false imagination of fire" raised by the doctors and masters of Oxford in 1563, and told in most comic style by Foxe, the martyrologist; a record of the curious names belonging to a jury that was empanelled at Huntingdon, in 1619; and many more, all delightful and all more or less veracious. But nothing is more pleasing than the quaintness of a treatise on English Dogs, written in Latin by Dr. Caius, and translated by Abraham Fleming in 1576. This was the first work on the subject printed in our language, and is a most curious combination of cunning and simplicity. We learn from it that the beaver, that mild and artless beast, was believed to leave the water when fish was scarce, and to make "an insatiable slaughter of young lambs." The sea calf, "which our countrymen, for brevity sake, call a seal, others, more largely, a Sea Veal," is harshly excluded from the catalogue, although "called by the name of Sea Dog." The spaniel, which is included, also suffers from a superfluity of titles, for it is spoken of as "gentle, or the Comforter, a chamber companion, a pleasant playfellow, a pretty worm, generally called *Canis delicatus*." The following anecdote gives a fair example of the scientific spirit in which Dr. Caius wrote, as the paragraph with which it concludes exemplifies his proper contempt for a sceptical frivolity:—

A hare—being a wild and skippish beast—was seen in England, to the astonishment of the beholders, in the year of our Lord God 1564, not only dancing in measure, but playing with his former feet upon a tabaret, and observing a just number of strokes, as a practitioner in that art; meanwhile nipping and pinching a dog with his teeth and claws, and cruelly thumping him with the force of his feet.

This is no trumpery tale or trifling toy as I imagine, and therefore not unworthy to be reported; for I reckon it a requital of my travail, not to drown in the seas of silence any special thing, wherein the providence and effectual working of Nature is to be pondered.

#### SACRED BOOKS OF THE EAST.—PAHLAVI TEXTS.\*

THE Avesta or Zend Avesta contains the earliest records of the Zoroastrian religion, and in that are found its first developments; but "it is to Pahlavi writings we must refer for most of the details relating to the traditions, ceremonies, and customs of this ancient faith, which styles itself emphatically 'the good religion of the Mazdayasnians,' and calls its laity *badhinan*, or those of the good religion." But what is Pahlavi? "Pahlavi in its widest extent is applied to all the varying forms of the mediæval Persian language, from the time when the grammatical inflexions of ancient Persian were dropped till the period when the modern alphabet was invented, and the language became corrupted into modern Persian by the adoption of numerous Arabic words and phrases." Pahlavi, then, is Old Persian, the descendant of the more ancient language of the Avesta, known to us as Zend. The name Pahlavi is familiar enough, but, like many other familiar names, its origin is doubtful. Manu and other Sanskrit writers speak of the Pahlavas, who were in all probability the speakers of the Pahlavi language; but the name would seem to have been lost in modern times. Haug's suggestion, which the author of the present work supports, is not acceptable. He supposes that Pahlavi is only a different spelling of Parthva or Parthian, and that the language was called Pahlavi, not because the Parthians spoke it, for they did not, but because they ruled over the land in which it was spoken. By the same reasoning the English language might be called Norman, and the languages of India may be called English. But the Pahlavi language is no simple matter. It holds an intermediate place between the Zend and the modern Persian; and whenever the language is written, either in the ancient Zend character or in the letters of the modern Persian, it is no longer called Pahlavi, but Pazand, the proposed derivation of which term from the Zend Avesta word "*patizanti*"—meaning "re-explana-

\* *The Sacred Books of the East*. Edited by Max Müller. Vol. V. Pahlavi Texts. Translated by E. W. West. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1880.

tion"—is not at all convincing, although it may be possible. The Pahlavi has an alphabet of its own, borrowed from a Semitic source. With this alphabet the Persians appropriated a number of Semitic words of Chaldee origin, "as representatives of the corresponding words in their own language. These Semitic representatives (the number of which might be increased or diminished at the discretion of the writer) were probably never very numerous, and not more than four hundred of them are to be found in the Pahlavi writings now extant; but, as they represent nearly all the commonest words in the language (excepting those specially relating to religious matters), they often constitute more than half the bulk of a Pahlavi text." These Semitic words sometimes appear with Pahlavi terminations. Besides these Semitic logograms, "about one hundred ancient and obsolete forms of Iranian words, used as logograms," have been incorporated in Pahlavi writings. When the Pahlavi is written with these foreign "logograms" it is called Huzvârish, another term for which no satisfactory etymology has been discovered. This peculiar mode of writing, as Mr. West says, "long made the language a standing puzzle to European scholars." He holds that it has been satisfactorily explained by Professor Haug, but it may be doubted whether the mystery has been penetrated. The spoken language was, it seems, pure Pahlavi, the borrowed logograms "formed no part of the spoken language, at all events in later times." They were not used in the vernacular speech, but they were written in the religious books. Even here they were not pronounced, for, according to Haug's view, whenever the reader met with one he substituted the vernacular equivalent; thus the Semitic *malikū* *malikā*, "king of kings," was changed in reading into the current term *shāhān shāh*. "This is still the mode in which most Persians read their Pahlavi literature, and it is only by assuming it to have been their universal practice in former times that we can account for the total and immediate disappearance of this Semitic portion of the Pahlavi form" in the modern Persian. Mr. West remarks as an illustration of this theory that an English reader meeting with *viz.* may read it "namely"; and other such examples might be given, as *i.e.*, *e.g.*, *cf.*, and so forth. But these are contractions used for economy of labour, and economy was evidently not the object of the Pahlavis in appropriating these foreign words. The explanation shows that these Semitic words were unintelligible, and were got rid of; but it leaves the reason of their introduction still in the dark, and inexplicable. Nor was the use of these logograms confined to religious writings, for "the same artificial mixture of Huzvârish and Pâzand [is traceable] in all accessible Pahlavi records from their earliest appearance to the present time . . . in the scanty materials afforded by the legends on the provincial Persian coins of the third century B.C. and second century A.D. . . in the rock inscriptions of the earlier Sassanian kings (A.D. 226-388) . . . and finally in the legends on the coins of the later Sassanian kings (A.D. 388-651)." But here we must leave this mysterious subject, with the confession that it remains to us "a standing puzzle."

Pahlavi literature reached its zenith in the seventh century A.D., when it fell with the independence of its country before the arms of the conquering Muslims. The professors of the Mazda-yasnian religion were driven into remote provinces and into exile in India. Numbers of books must have been destroyed in the great revolution and persecution, and no doubt many perished entirely, leaving no trace behind:—

The last remnants of Pahlavi writings are now contained in the few manuscripts still preserved by the Persians in Western India, and their almost extinct brethren in Persia. A careful estimate of the length of these remnants, so far as they are known to Europeans, has shown that the total extent of existing Pahlavi literature is about thirty-six times that of the Bundahish, as translated in this volume [where, exclusive of notes, it occupies about one hundred octavo pages of large type]. One-fifth of this literature consists of translations accompanying Avesta texts, and the remaining four-fifths are purely Pahlavi works, which are nearly all connected with religion. How much of this literature may have descended from Sassanian times can hardly be ascertained as yet; in fact, it is only very recently that any trustworthy data for determining the age of a few Pahlavi writings have been discovered.

Four works are translated in this volume—the Bundahish, Selections of Zâd-spâram, Bahman Yasht, and Shâyast lâ Shâyast. The term Bundahish signifies "creation of the beginning, and is applied by the Persians to a Pahlavi work, which in its present state appears to be a collection of fragments relating to the cosmogony, mythology, and legendary history taught by Mazdayasnian tradition, but which cannot be considered in any way a complete treatise." It bears unmistakable marks both of omissions and dislocations, and the extant MSS. differ in extent and arrangement. The age of the work can only be inferred from internal evidence, and this indicates that the text could not have been completed in its present form until after the Mahomedan conquest of Persia, A.D. 631. The opening of the book declares that it

is first about Aûharmazd's (Ormazd's) original creation and the antagonism of the evil spirit, and afterwards about the nature of the creatures from the original creation till the end which is the future existence. 2. As revealed by the religion of the Mazdayasnians, so it is declared that Aûharmazd is supreme in omniscience and goodness, and unrivalled in splendour; the region of light is the place of Aûharmazd, which they call "endless light," and the omniscience and goodness of the unrivalled Aûharmazd is what they call "revelation." 3. Revelation is the explanation of both spirits together; one is he who is independent of unlimited time, because Aûharmazd; and the region, religion, and time of Aûharmazd were, and are, and ever will be; while Aharman in darkness, with backward understanding and desire for destruction, was in the abyss, and it is he who will

not be; and the place of that destruction, and also of that darkness, is what they call the "endlessly dark." 4. And between them was empty space, that is what they call air, in which is now their meeting.

Aûharmazd is omniscient, he is the creator of the finite and the infinite, his sovereignty and that of his creatures is in "the future existence, which is unlimited for ever and everlasting," while "the creatures of Aharman will perish at the time when future existence occurs, and that also is eternity." Aûharmazd of his omniscience knew of the existence of Aharman and of his evil nature; but Aharman through his defective knowledge was not aware of the existence of Aûharmazd. When "he arose from the abyss and came into the light," he rushed in to destroy the light, and the great conflict between the powers of good and evil began. Aharman produced demons and fiends from the abyss, and Aûharmazd produced the archangels and the material creation, including the sun, moon, and stars. But the power of Aharman was to last only for three periods, of three thousand years each, and his power was to prevail only in the middle period. The work is occupied with accounts of this warfare, with descriptions of the six classes of creation—sky, water, earth, plants, animals, and man, the animals being represented by the primeval ox, and man by Gâyômar, the righteous man, from whom mankind descended. It also enters into descriptions of the earth—its mountains, seas, rivers, and its animal and vegetable productions; of "the calendar, lineal measures, the characteristics of various demons, the spiritual chiefs of various regions of the earth, and the resurrection and future existence." A passage descriptive of hell calls to mind a celebrated expression. It says that in "the cold, dry, stony, and dark interior of mysterious hell the darkness is fit to grasp with the hand, and the stench is fit to cut with a knife." The following passage respecting the resurrection and judgment is very striking:—

First, the bones of Gâyômar (the first man) are roused up, then those of his two children, then those of the rest of mankind . . . all the dead and all men stand up; whoever is righteous and whoever is wicked, every human creature they rouse up from the spot where its life departs. Afterwards, when all material living beings assume again their bodies and forms, then they assign them a single class. Of the light accompanying the sun, one-half will be for Gâyômar, and one-half will give enlightenment among the rest of men, so that the soul and the body will know that this is my father and this is my mother . . . and these are some of my nearest relations. In the assembly where all mankind will stand, every one sees his own good deeds and his own evil deeds; and a wicked man becomes as conspicuous as a white sheep among those which are black. . . Afterwards they set the righteous man apart from the wicked; and then the righteous is for heaven, and they cast the wicked back to hell. . . When they set apart a father from his consort, a brother from his brother, and a friend from his friend, they suffer, every one for his own deeds, and weep, the righteous for the wicked and the wicked about himself; for there may be a father who is righteous and a son wicked, and there may be one brother who is righteous and one wicked.

After this it seems that, when the crimes done in the body are purged away, all men come together again with the greatest affection, each one "receives the reward and recompense suitable to his deeds," the body is conveyed to paradise, and "the heaven of Aûharmazd takes it up." It must not be supposed that the whole of the Bundahish is written in this elevated tone; there is much in it that is frivolous, ludicrous, and marvellous, but there are many historical and geographical statements which may throw light upon a period of which our knowledge is very limited and confused.

The Selections of Zâd-spâram were made by a compiler of that name at a time which can be "fixed with considerable precision" in 881 A.D. They are supplementary to the Bundahish and are divided into three parts:—"The first part treats of many of the same subjects as the Bundahish, together with legends regarding Zaratûst (Zoroaster) and his family; the second about the formation of men out of body, life and soul; and third about the details of the renovation of the universe." Only those connected with the Bundahish have been translated in this volume. These relate to the great contests between the powers of good and evil, to the various creatures which took part in them, and to the results of each struggle.

The Bahman Yasht, usually called the Zand of the Vohâman Yasht, professes to be a prophetic work, in which Aûharmazd gives Zaratûst (Zoroaster) an account of what was to happen to the Iranian nation in the future. The origin of this work is a mere matter of conjecture; the most reasonable hypothesis is "that it was written and translated from the Avesta in the reign of Khûsrô Nôshîrvân" in the middle of the sixth century A.D.

The Shâyast lâ Shâyast, or book of what is "proper and improper," is a sort of Zoroastrian Leviticus, being "a compilation of miscellaneous laws and customs regarding sin and impurity, with other memoranda about ceremonies and religious subjects in general." It is a strange medley. Mr. West gives a summary of its contents which occupies three pages. The following is a fair specimen:—

Forgiveness of trespasses, evil of walking without boots, when the sacred girdle is to be assumed, breaking the spell of an inward prayer, ten women wanted at childbirth and how the infant is to be treated, sin of beating an innocent person, evil of a false judge, men and women who do not marry, a toothpick must be free from bark, acknowledging the children of a handmaid, advantage of offspring and of excess in almsgiving, prayer on lying down and getting up, Avesta not to be mumbled, doubtful actions to be avoided or consulted about, evil of laughing during prayer, crowing of a hen, treatment of a hedgehog, &c., &c.

We have endeavoured to give a fair account of the four original books translated in this volume. They contain a large proportion of rubbish, though but little or nothing of a revolting character. Amid much that is "hideous and repellent" there are passages of

pure and elevated conception expressed in felicitous language. The Pahlavi writings of the Zoroastrians are in these respects far superior to the ancient Avesta. Mr. West points out a long-standing misrepresentation of the Parsi religion. Greek and Armenian writers have stated that Aôharmazd and Aharman were produced by an eternal being who is a personification of "boundless time," and this view has been confirmed in later times by Anquetil Duperron, who, in his imperfect knowledge of the language, adopted this term "boundless time" in his translation of the Vendidad. His error has long been known, and a passage of Zôd-spâram distinctly states that Aôharmazd produced "boundless time" as a personified creature after the first appearance of Aharman. Mr. West makes some pertinent observations on the word dualism, a term of reproach that has often been cast on the Parsi religion by Mahomedan and Christian writers, who themselves acknowledge the personality of an evil spirit. He urges that "if the term is to be used in controversy, it behoves those who use it to define the limits of objectionable dualism with great precision, so as not to include most of the religions of the world." The evil spirit plays a very prominent part in the Parsi religion; but this is only a matter of degree, not of principle, for, although the evil spirit maintains a long and stubborn fight with the Power of good, he is represented as an inferior from the beginning, and in the end is vanquished. "The origin and end of Aharman appear to be left as uncertain as those of the devil, and altogether the resemblance between these two ideas of the evil spirit is remarkably close—in fact, almost too close to admit of the possibility of their being ideas of different origin." Mr. West is not one of the new school of comparative mythologists, and has made no attempt to trace any of the myths and traditions further back than the Avesta. His opinion is that "to trace them back to earlier times, to a supposed Indo-Iranian personification or poetic distortion of meteorological phenomena, would be, in the present state of our knowledge, merely substituting plausible guesses for ascertained facts." He is evidently more of a logician than a poet, and in dealing with these questions will not allow his imagination to soar above the control of his reason. In the review of M. Darmesteter's translation of the Zend Avesta which lately appeared in these columns some idea was given of what imaginative comparative mythology has made of the myths of the Avesta.

#### BELLS AND RINGERS.\*

WE must presume that Captain Smart's ambition is in the inverse ratio to his indolence; for though he gave promise of better things in novel-writing, he is content now to trifle over inanities. *Breezie Langton*, with not a few of the faults of inexperience, abounded in merits and even in beauties; but the books that have followed it have become lighter and slighter, until at last they are the frothiest of foam and bubbles. It needs little more to write such a novelette as *Bells and Ringers* than the fluency and liveliness of style which Captain Smart undoubtedly possesses, with some knowledge of fast sets of society. There is scarcely a pretence at a plot; the characters are sketched in the faintest outline; and the rattle-pated talk of the hare-brained company can scarcely be said even to show signs of cleverness. The men run to animal spirits and muscle; they pride themselves chiefly on "go" and hardness; they are great on horseback, at polo, lawn-tennis, and athletics generally; they can dance into the small hours, and drink and smoke, and they keep their condition in spite of all. They are either men of means or in crack cavalry corps; they oscillate between London in the season and country houses within easy reach of it; they are among Her Majesty's very "hardest bargains," and they seem to get unlimited leave by some tacit understanding with accommodating commanding officers. And, making due allowance for difference of sex, and such restrictions as propriety and the common conveniences must still impose upon women within the pale of society, the women are like unto the men. Notwithstanding flowing outlines of form, and even healthful tendencies to physical exuberance, the young ladies are as wiry as the men are muscular. It is next to impossible in the way of gaieties to make the pace too severe for them; and they are ready at the shortest notice to "plunge" in gloves or even in money on the sporting events in which they are profoundly interested. They model their talk upon that of the gentlemen in the smoking-rooms, and, as we need hardly say, there is a sufficiency of slang in it. That they have hearts somewhere we have reason to suppose, though they are certainly not to be won by appeals to the intellect. But their senses or sensibilities are touched in congenial intercourse; and they take to "keeping company" in a superior sort of way, which lands the fascinating belles in wedlock and snug establishments.

The changes through the little story are rung upon the title, which is playfully significant of the phantom of a plot. As is explained by the scheming mother of one of the pair of heroines, who desires to make prize of an eligible husband for her daughter, marriages are to be made on earth, if not in heaven, by the judicious friends of marriageable maidens. In the majority of cases in the fashionable world when a light-hearted young couple have agreed to come together, they fancy in their sweet simplicity that it is in consequence of mutual affinities. That is their mis-

take. In reality it is some experienced onlooker who has laid the scheme, and has been assisting nature by her unobtrusive exertions. It is the worldly-wise chaperon who has been pulling the rope, which brings the "clapper," or desirable *parti*, into seductive contact with the "belle," who would otherwise be kept hanging in suspense. In this instance the speaker tries her best to translate the metaphor into successful practice; but, though she succeeds, it is rather by luck than good management. In fact, she had been strangely injudicious in her choice of a confidant; and the social Achitophel she had sought to enlist in her service maliciously exerts himself to mar her plan. Lady Mary, the wife of Cedric Bloxam, Esq., a landed gentleman of old Saxon family and good estate, is still burdened with an unmarried daughter. We are told that Lady Mary is an excellent mother up to a certain point—that is to say, she will do her utmost to marry her children, that, with a clear conscience, she may be rid of all responsibility for them once and for ever. It would seem that there should be no great difficulty in "placing" Miss Blanche Bloxam advantageously. Of the florid and somewhat fleshy type, she is something more than merely a good-looking girl; and she is by no means so over-refined as to be specially fastidious about a life-partner. But Lady Mary has been casting her net for a certain Mr. Beauchamp; and, in order to make more sure of her intended victim, she has lured him down for a visit to her country seat in the short Easter recess. Lady Mary, like everybody else in the book, is of a decidedly sporting turn; she is the daughter of a racing peer, and had frequently staked and lost her pin-money on some "event" which her father's horses failed to pull off; and, as she might have said, she meant her Blanche to make the running and win, with nothing better than outsiders to upset her chances. The other young women invited to the party at Todborough Grange may be "agreeable," but they have no pretensions to beauty. But though woman may propose, Providence disposes, and it would appear that the Fates are conspiring to spoil the chance that ought to be nearly a certainty. Lady Mary is horrified to discover in a niece of her good friend and neighbour the Rector one of the most dangerous rivals to her daughter that could be started. It is true that to many men Miss Sylla Chipchase would have seemed the least desirable of possible wives. She is very pretty and very piquante, but Lady Mary is decidedly right in pronouncing her to be extremely fast and shamelessly forward. To be sure Lady Mary regards the girl with jaundiced eyes, for Sylla Chipchase is by no means less maidenly in her manners than Blanche Bloxam, or any of the other ladies. Such as she is, she becomes a general favourite, and under the wings of her cousins at the Rectory makes her way into all the entertainments that are being provided by the party at "The Grange." Not only so, but she takes the lead in them, and Blanche Bloxam is more or less thrown into the background. Sylla is sharp and good-naturedly malicious; and, being enlightened as to the views of Lady Mary and the cause of the cold shoulder which the discomfited hostess turns to her, proceeds to play her cards so as to aggravate Lady Mary's repulsion. In doing so she finds an unconscious but indefatigable ally in Jim Bloxam, a dashing officer of Hussars and the heir of the house of Bloxam. All the time we are persuaded that the story will come to an end with a couple of highly suitable marriages. But for long we are permitted to see little promise of the *dénouement* that is inevitable. Captain Smart, in common consideration for his lady readers, might at least have treated them to a little lovemaking. But to the very end, when Captain Bloxam and Miss Sylla Chipchase are shut up together for a short drive in a brougham, of lovemaking, as we understand it, there is absolutely none. Indeed there is hardly anything that can be called amorous flirtation; for everything passes between the sexes in a sort of hearty good-fellowship, which the most straitlaced might pronounce to be strictly platonic. Blanche Bloxam, no doubt, is very strongly *éprouvé* of Beauchamp—the French word expresses her sentiments far better than the honest English "in love"—but Beauchamp is consistently reticent to eccentricity, and almost churlishly declines to make any sign. We presume that he is endowed with this extravagant discretion in order that there may be some dim shadow of a mystery thrown over what is to be the upshot of the game of cross-purposes. But he certainly casts no dust in our eyes, though he spares us any wear and tear of the sympathies. The wire-puller who does most to confound the cards is a certain Mr. Pansey Cottrell, on whom Captain Smart seems to have bestowed rather exceptional pains. Mr. Cottrell is one of those middle-aged men about town who have made their way in the world and society by steps which it is difficult or impossible to trace. We are given to understand that he had neither birth, nor wealth, nor great connexions; assuredly he had no remarkable social talents, yet he has made himself a position where he is a flattered guest in all the best families in English "society." With the most subdued manners, he can take the most impertinent liberties; and, in spite of the well-known remarks of Thackeray, we suspect that such gentlemen are very much more rare than it is the pleasure of more fanciful novelists to represent them. Mr. Cottrell, according to his creator, is more of a Puck than a Mephistopheles, notwithstanding the comfortable weight of flesh he carries after all the wear of his London seasons. But, though malicious enough in a mild way, within the scope of his opportunities, we are bound to say that we never find him specially satirical; and though while still on his promotion he may have laid himself out to be amusing, he must be resting under his laurels in this story, or trading somewhat carelessly

\* *Bells and Ringers*. A Novelette. By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton," &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1880.

on his past reputation. We prefer a stolid gentleman like Ralph Wriothsley, who, with the world and his friends and the wife of his bosom, goes by the familiar appellation of "the Rip," who makes no pretension to being anything but phenomenally dull, and who, notwithstanding his ill-sounding sobriquet, in the lady-like language of his wife, "has one great virtue; he is always 'straight,' my dear. The 'Rip' couldn't tell me a lie if he tried." We can hardly say that we have skimmed the story, for skimming froth is an impossibility. But we believe we have given a fair idea of what Captain Smart's admirers may expect on this occasion; and we can recommend the book as appropriate reading for trips up in a balloon or down in a diving bell, or for any similar situations where the attention is likely to be distracted.

#### THE RIVER OF GOLDEN SAND.\*

THE first Englishman who took full advantage of the Chefoo Convention; the first—save officials—to visit the scene of Margary's murder, and by following in his steps from China to Burmah to pay the best tribute to his memory, may be said, without any hesitation, to have fairly earned the right to publish his travels, and to deserve fairly the honour of an introductory essay from the pen of the best skilled in the subject of his countrymen. Colonel Yule's essay deals chiefly with the vexed and hitherto insoluble as well as unsolved question of the exact course of the great rivers which spread like the fingers of a many-fingered hand to the north of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, converging somehow or other into the still greater streams known as the Brahma Putra, the Irrawaddy, the Me-Kong, and the Yang-tse-Kiang. Captain Gill's book, however—though his travels led him across the upper waters of the Me-Kong—is chiefly occupied with the great river which traverses the interior of China, and which (in the part of its course, which he more specially busied himself with) goes by the local name of Kin-sha-Kiang, or River of Golden Sand. Up this great highway he passed until he reached the point where, in the midst of the province of Su-Chuün, it bears away to the southward. Here he left it, and made directly for the Tibetan frontier. This guarded line he did not attempt to cross, partly because of the usual resistance of the Lamas, partly because at the time of his journey (1878) the rumours of possible war between England and Russia made it hopeless to execute the tempting plan of returning by Kashgaria and Central Asia. But he kept close to the frontier, and actually within Tibet, as far as ethnological divisions go, for a considerable distance. Then he made southward to Tali, the former capital of the short-lived and ill-fated Panthay sovereignty, and thence across the mountains into Burmah where he struck the Irrawaddy at Bhamo. This, with a kind of preliminary canter to the northward of Peking and across the Great Wall, made up his journey; that portion of it which took him near Tibet being for the most part the first visit of an Englishman to the route, if not to the district. During the earlier part of his journey Captain Gill had the advantage of the companionship of Mr. Baber, on the excellence of whose Blue-book reports of his own journeyings in China Colonel Yule passes very well-deserved praise. In the latter part he had another companion who, like Mr. Baber, supplied his deficiencies in the knowledge of Chinese. In both these respects he was fortunate; but his book gives the impression that not a little of his success in travelling was due to his own merits in respect of coolness, presence of mind, and lastly luck. All who are not too superstitious to be superstitious must have recognized the influence exerted on travellers' fortunes by the latter mysterious entity. There are some men in whose case, without any very discoverable reason, all things go wrong, others with whom most things go right, and Captain Gill seems to be of the fortunate number. Of course he had a considerable advantage in coming so quickly on the heels of the Convention—so quickly indeed that the "Margary Proclamation," which that agreement bound the Chinese Government to publish everywhere, was in the remotest parts not yet posted, and the authorities, conscious of their laches, were extra polite to Captain Gill and very lavish of the proclamation in consequence.

We shall admit that Captain Gill's volumes are large, and that they may be to persons not gifted with the faculty of rapid reading appallingly large. But if the pudding be of unusual dimensions the allowance of plums is proportionate. Almost from the first the author shows that he has eyes to see and pen to describe. Soon after landing in the flowery regions he discovered an entirely new use of pigtails. He was travelling in one of the curious Japanese vehicles which are called in the country of their invention "jinrikishas," and which Anglo-Chinese heterodoxy seems to call "jinnyrickshaws." The wheel came off, and the attendant Chinaman (at once horse and driver) took a new linchpin out of his pocket, unplaited a piece of his tail, broke from it a lock of hair, and tied the pin on promptly therewith. A subsequent visit to Peking gave occasion for preparations for the preliminary canter just noticed, which seems to have been a very pleasant little trial trip. The travellers had an imposing staff of ponies, "boys," and "horse men" (ma fus), and seem to have made both then and afterwards very fair travelling. The dirt of

the hotels (which have very pleasing titles, such as the hotel "of the Everlasting Harmonies," "of the Virtues and Prosperities," &c.) is sorely complained of here, as all over China. But the institution of *kang* at least secures warmth. This *kang* is a kind of dais built of brick or clay, and hollow. In the hollow fires are lighted, and the whole thing is heated, the traveller reposing majestically on the top. The proceeding suggests the manufacture of muffins or *gauffres*, but is said to be comfortable enough when properly managed; and in the tremendous cold of the other end of China Captain Gill must have regretted the *kang* not a little. In this journey not a few interesting things beside the Wall were seen; and the mysterious district of the Emperors' graves—a pathless wilderness, extending over seventeen mountains, in which the rulers of China select their last resting-places at their accession, and where nobody goes except at this time and at the time of the selector becoming eligible for his place—was coasted. But the real journey, when it began, was made at first by water, not by land. Captain Gill and Mr. Baber hired a junk, with a very energetic and foul-mouthed captainess, and thus made their way first to Hankow, the great tea mart, and then to the less well-known regions of the interior, Mr. Baber not leaving his companion till the junk journey was ended. Then the pony system, with a baggage arrangement sometimes of carts and sometimes of mules, was resumed, and thus the rest of the journey to Bhamo was managed. The traveller was, as we have said, everywhere received with great politeness by the authorities, especially the military authorities, and even the persistent ill-will of the *litrati*, in whom light does not seem to be accompanied by any sweetness, had no serious consequences. Captain Gill, by the way, tells an awful story of a bribed examiner. This sinner was dining with a high military official in the town where the examination was to be held, and at dinner he received a letter. In such circumstances, it seems, it is Chinese etiquette not merely to ask permission to read the letter as with ourselves, but to show it to the host at the latter's desire. For some reason the host on this occasion chose to exert his prerogative, notwithstanding his guest's unwillingness, and found in the epistle a statement that the examiner's father had just received a large sum of money to secure a certain candidate's success. Thereupon the soldier sent for a chaff-cutter, and disembowelled his luckless guest on the spot, subsequently delivering himself up to authority. But authority very much applauded what he had done as a warning to venal examiners.

The most interesting part of the whole book is naturally the account of the journey along the Tibetan frontier. Here, as everywhere else, the traveller was much comforted and assisted by the ubiquitous French missionaries, and he represents the inhabitants (other than the Lamas) as being very pleasant people to get on with. The enormous heights at which the country lies—twelve and thirteen thousand feet are nothing, and on one occasion a pass over sixteen thousand feet in height was traversed—make the climate extremely severe. A good deal of food of the heat-producing sort is constantly required, and the regular beverage (if it be not rather food and drink in one) of the country is buttered tea. This curiously sounding term is strictly literal, the tea, when made, and the butter being beaten up in a kind of churn universally kept for the purpose. As the butter is generally very good, the mixture seems to be not unsavoury; but to those not to the manner born it creates a most intolerable thirst and craving for unbuttered tea. This compound, and a kind of porridge or cake also lavishly buttered, make up the staple of Tibetan food. The people, as has been said, are pleasant and hospitable, though the conventional mode of welcoming a stranger (by putting out the tongue) might at first prove rather a shock. They are also far better looking than the Chinese and appear (though Captain Gill is not too garrulous on this head) to be somewhat inclined to the easy Saturnian morals which mountaineers frequently affect. Not the least attractive members of the population are the dogs. Every one has heard of the Tibetan dog, who is perhaps the largest of the whole race, and here is a description of a specimen:—

The chief had a huge dog kept in a cage on the top of the wall at the entrance. It was a very heavily-built black and tan, the tan of a very good colour; his coat was rather long but smooth; he had a bushy tail, smooth tan legs, and an enormous head, that seemed out of proportion to the body, very much like that of a bloodhound in shape, with overhanging lips. His bloodshot eyes were very deep-set, and his ears were flat and drooping. He had tan spots over the eyes, and a tan spot on the breast. He measured four feet from the point of the nose to the root of the tail, and two feet ten inches in height at the shoulder. He was three years old and of the true Tibetan breed.

Although Captain Gill gives, on the whole, a very favourable account of the Tibetan people, he draws the Lamas in very dark colours, and even after allowance is made for the fact that these strange monks vigorously objected to his presence, and were said to have ordered out a *corps d'armée*, six thousand strong, to keep him out of Tibet Proper, the picture remains black enough. The state of Tibet must be almost exactly what the most violent of the French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century tried to represent the state of France as being. The Lamasseries, or monasteries of Lamas, are enormously rich and are almost incredibly populous; towns which contain a lay population of three hundred families having a Lamassery of thirteen hundred monks. These institutions are sanctuaries, and open to all who are too criminal or too lazy to make an honest living. They hold the greater part of the land, and lend money extensively at usurious interest. They are free from taxation, *corvées*, and State service of all kinds. Lastly, when a Tibetan emigrates, as many now do, his land is for the

\* *The River of Golden Sand*. By Captain Gill, R.E. With an Introduction by Colonel Yule, C.B. 2 vols. London: John Murray. 1880.

most part escheated to the use of the dominant class. Hence Tibet is growing yearly poorer and more thinly peopled.

Among the numerous good things scattered about the book is a large collection of servant stories. Captain Gill is rather hard on his own "boy" as it seems to us, for most assuredly he would find it difficult to induce a British Jaimes to follow him faithfully on such a journey as that which Chin-Tai performed without manifesting any other weakness than the national tendency to "squeeze"—i.e. to extract perquisites out of all his master's business transactions. The honesty both of the servants and of the country generally can hardly be better shown than by mentioning the fact that, in the latter and wilder part of his journey, gold and paper money being equally useless, Captain Gill carried something like two hundred-weight of silver in lumps, and that he carried it with perfect safety. As to the sharpness of Chinese servants we may appropriately close this notice with a story which has greatly pleased us:—

There was an official at Cheng-Tu, a very greedy person, who always kept his servants on very short rations. So one of them blackened his mouth, painted a false moustache, and thus disguised came into his master's presence.

"What do you mean by this?" said the magistrate, "your mouth is in a pretty state."

"Great Excellency," said the servant, "I thought you cared nothing for the mouths of the little ones."

This is certainly worthy of an Irishman in the days when Irishmen could make jokes.

#### SMITH'S DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.\*

THE second volume of this invaluable and laborious book is in no respects inferior to its predecessor. It includes the names from Eaba to Hermocrates. The editors tell us in their preface that they have found it absolutely necessary to extend the work to four volumes. It may be thought that at their present rate of progress at least six volumes would have been required; but we are reminded that a remarkable number of the more important names of the Church history of the first eight centuries are ranged under the earlier letters of the alphabet. Besides which, the Anglo-Saxon names beginning with the letter "E" are, as every one knows, especially numerous. Those who will use the Dictionary will be the last to complain of the number of volumes to which it may run, for they will be only too glad to have their own labour simplified and abridged by the minute research and painstaking investigation of the army of competent scholars marshalled for this great work by Dr. Smith and his coadjutor. How thoroughly the task proposed to them has been performed may be judged of by the fact that under the name of Felix no less than 236 different persons are enumerated, and a great deal is told us about the majority of them, with invaluable references to direct further inquiry, should it be needed. The next most common name seems to be Eusebius, which numbers 137 persons; Gregorius follows with 80, Georgius with 73, Eustathius with 57. Every one knows that these are common names; but it is somewhat surprising to find 43 names under Fortunatus and 42 under Elpidius.

Nearly a hundred and fifty writers, English and foreign, have combined to make this great undertaking as nearly perfect as possible. Of course the value of the several contributions is very unequal, and the tone and sympathies of the different contributors are not always in strict accord; but there is little to complain of, except perhaps a certain flippancy, and an occasional harshness of judgment in some quarters.

Referring to some criticisms on their former volume the editors, in their preface, justly remind their readers that the present Dictionary has a considerably larger scope than those of Herzog and Wetzer and Wette, with which it has been compared. For example, it aims at being a complete onomasticon of every name connected with the history of the early Church. They say, with great truth, that every such name, however unimportant it may be in itself, may nevertheless be found to be of unexpected value in determining critical difficulties that may arise in connexion with the greater personages. This is true. Besides which, it is plain that it is in such minute particulars that a student may find the greatest help by consulting this Dictionary. Important names are always traced with comparatively little trouble. But it is most difficult to obtain ready information about insignificant persons. This thought ought to reconcile us to the large space occupied in the volume before us by so many utterly unknown Celtic or Anglo-Saxon names. There are, for example, no less than thirteen Irish worthies named Eochaidh (pronounced, we are informed, *Oky*, and meaning "horseman"), whom Mr. Gammack is able to identify and distinguish one from the other. This gentleman, and Mr. Boase, are the authorities for all the British, Irish, and Scottish personages commemorated in this volume. The Anglo-Saxon names again form the special province of Dr. Stubbs and Canon Raine. It is unnecessary to say that no better authorities could be found.

This Dictionary of Biography, Literature, &c., is intended, we are told, to be a continuation of the *Dictionary of the Bible*, in

conjunction with the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, by Dr. Smith and Archdeacon Cheetham, which has been lately completed in two volumes, and to which we propose before long to call our readers' attention. The three works together will indeed form an incomparable encyclopædia. It is not easy, however, to keep the subjects distinct. The two later series must inevitably run sometimes into each other's ground. It would be a very safe counsel to a student to bid him, if he does not find anything he wants in one of these three Dictionaries, to seek for it in one of the others. Still, there are in the volume now under notice articles which, however valuable they may be, no one would think of looking for in a Dictionary of Biography. Take the word "God," for example. The *Dictionary of the Bible* is clearly the place for this reference. It is treated here, however, by Dr. Swainson, but surely in a most jejune and incomplete manner. As this purports, however, to be a Dictionary of Literature, Sects, and Doctrines, as well as of Biography, we have no right to wonder at such subjects as Eschatology, Excommunication, Faith, the Fathers, Gnosticism, and Grace having articles devoted to them. And such a sect as the *Eumoniopseychiani* has its proper place in these pages. But who would look in this Dictionary for a disquisition on Hebrew learning? This is really a very excellent and instructive paper, by Mr. C. J. Elliott. Our complaint is, that it is only by accident, so to say, that any one would light upon it.

Professor Lipsius of Jena has contributed some of the most valuable papers in the present volume. In particular we may note the articles on the Apocryphal Gospels and on the Book of Enoch. The Rev. Dr. Ginsburg has undertaken the subjects in which a knowledge of Rabbinical learning is necessary. The biographies of Gamaliel, Eliezer B. Hyrcanos, and the Rabbis, are by him, and he has also contributed an exhaustive paper on the Essenes. M. de Pressensé of Paris is also one of Dr. Smith's staff of writers.

When the general standard is so high as it is among the general body of contributors to this Dictionary, it is ungracious perhaps to single out any who are exceptionally below the mark. But we cannot help noticing that the Nonconformist author of the paper on the Ethiopian Church seems to be somewhat out of harmony with the great majority of his colleagues. For example, his acquaintance with ecclesiastical terms is so scanty, that he speaks of baptism by *aspersio*, instead of by *affusion*; and he knows so little about the Christian worship of the early ages as to think that *bema* and *chorus* and *ambo* recall the "oldest Jewish synagogues," instead of being the ordinary ritual arrangements of the churches of the earlier ages of Christianity. On the other hand, the Roman Emperors have fallen into the thoroughly competent hands of Dr. Plumptre, Mr. J. Wordsworth, and Mr. A. W. Mason. It is to the first of these, in his life of the Emperor Hadrian, that we are indebted for the following translation, "from a less-known writer" than Prior, of the famous verses, *Animula vagula blandula*:—

Poor soul of mine, who canst not rest,  
Fluttering still within my breast;  
Of the body mate and guest,  
Whither bound art thou?  
Pallid, bare, and shivering left,  
Of thy wasted mirth bereft,  
Jests are done with now.

With every desire to do so, as a test of the completeness of the work, we have not been able to detect many omissions in the present volume. We looked in vain, however, for that *Generosa*, whose catacomb, seven miles from Rome, on the Via Ostiana, has been lately discovered and illustrated by De Rossi. We turned, also in vain, for the two Ewalds, the Dark and the Fair, who are familiar to the students of the churches of Cologne, that of St. Cunibert in particular. Oddly enough we find these names in the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, to which we accidentally referred. There we are told that "Ewaldus" or "Egualdus" is "the name of two English Presbyters, martyrs among the ancient Continental Saxons, commemorated October 3." It shows a rather strange want of editorial supervision that the names of not a few saints which find a place, from the ancient martyrologies, in the Dictionary of Antiquities are not also inserted in this Dictionary of Biography. It is to the latter collection that an inquirer after a name would first turn. The testimony which early churches, either in their dedications or in the pictures, statues, and sepulchral memorials which they contain, bear to Christian history has not, we think, been adequately considered in this compilation. Under Eustorgius, for example, we are not told whether the second or the fourth person bearing that name in the list is the patron-saint of the famous church of Sant' Eustorgio, at Milan. Again, the biographer of Firmus (3) (whose account of his subject, by the way, is so awkwardly expressed as to be quite unintelligible) would have had his task simplified had he seen, or inquired about, the church of San Fermo, at Verona. Even Dr. Stubbs has not remembered that St. Foilan has a church dedicated to him under the very shadow of the minster of Aix-la-Chapelle. To take another example; from whom, we wish to know, does the Pass of St. Gothard derive its name? We found only one Gothardus in this Dictionary, "an early Bishop of Mentz." But most people remember the beautiful Gothic steeple of San Gottardo, which one sees from the roof of the Duomo at Milan. Is this the same person? The Dictionary does not help us in the matter. Under *Evortius* we are told that his name appears "often in the English Calendar Enurchus." Why not have said that Enurchus is a mere printer's error, now generally corrected? The writer of this notice

\* A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines; being a continuation of the "Dictionary of the Bible." Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Henry Wace, M.A., Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn. Vol. II. London: John Murray. 1880.

evidently never looked to see what was said of Evurtius in the Dictionary of Antiquities. On the other hand, the writer of the article on the "Four Crowned Martyrs"—whoever would have looked for them under the word "four"—is wise enough to refer to the Dictionary of Antiquities, where the "Coronati Quatuor" are fully discussed in a very exhaustive notice. How far, we wonder, does "Gatsa-Keleb" establish its claim to a place in a biographical dictionary? This is, we are told, "the name of a monster, half a man and half a dog, who is said to have assisted SS. Andrew and Bartholomew in their preaching the Gospel in Parthia."

But whatever deficiencies or mistakes may be found in the volume before us, they are insignificant trifles compared with the general merits of this noble monument of English scholarship and industry. The book is, even to a superficial gleaner of its contents, full of most varied and amusing information. One cannot open its pages even at random without finding something of value and interest. Many of the biographical notices are models for brevity, lucidity, and completeness. Such are Dr. Stubbs's account of Erkenwald, the fourth Bishop of London, and Canon Raine's history of St. Etheldreda. Venantius Fortunatus finds an appreciative biographer in Mr. E. M. Young. This is that poet's own account of his verses, which are well called "the expiring effort of the Latin muse in Gaul." They are quoted from his *Life of St. Martin*:—

As ego sensus inops . . .  
Fæce gravis, sermone levis, ratione pigrescens,  
Mente hebes, arte carens, usu rudis, ore nec expers.

Graver matter will be found in abundance in such papers as that of Canon Venables on the "Henoticon," or Instrument of Union put forth by the Emperor Zeno against the Monophysites, and that by Dr. Salmon on the word *Episemon*, the ecclesiastical sense of which is noticed, we are told, in no Greek lexicons, ancient or modern. It means the numerical value of the number six. Dr. Salmon is certainly one of the most learned contributors to this most useful compilation, and his learning excels in the most out-of-the-way departments of research. To him we owe a notice of the *Grapte*, mentioned in the Vision of Hermas. Origen considered her a mere allegory; but Dr. Salmon claims for her the honour of being chief among the deaconesses in the Roman Church in the early part of the second century. No library of reference, we may say in conclusion, will be complete without a copy of this *Dictionary of Christian Biography*.

#### THE RAJA TARANGINI.\*

THE complete work, of which a part has been translated by this Hindu gentleman, had long excited the attention of European scholars. Sir William Jones, stimulated by allusions to it in Gladwin's translation of the *Ayin-i-Akbari*, longed in vain for a copy. Mr. H. T. Colebrooke obtained one some ten years after Jones's death, and two more were procured, one at Lucknow and the other at Calcutta, by Mr. Speke and the late Horace Hayman Wilson. Sanskrit scholars are well aware that in that unwieldy and enormous literature there are very few prose works, and hardly anything except the volumes before us which lays any claim to the title of history. It is quite possible to construct out of the dramas, out of the books of law, succession, and inheritance, and especially out of the Code of Manu, something like a social history of Hindus in times long anterior to the Mahomedan invasion; and divers chiefs and princes have family histories in the vernacular with long pedigrees which go back into very early ages. But the *Raja Tarangini*, or "stream of kings," is, we believe, the only Sanskrit book which professes to chronicle in Sanskrit verse the sayings and doings of a race of monarchs who ruled over a distinct portion of Upper India, who built cities, founded monasteries and temples, appointed ministers of law and justice, were engaged in the ordinary duties of civil administration, were not thirty feet in stature and did not reign each for some three thousand years. The *Raja Tarangini*, as the translator informs us in his preface, is not the entire composition of one author. It is, in fact, made up of four distinct parts. The first portion was written by Kalhana Pandit, and comes down, roughly speaking, to 1100 or 1000 of the Christian era. The two next portions bring the series down to about 1500 A.D., and are known as the *Rajavali* of Jona Raja and the *Jaina Raja Tarangini* of Sri Vara Pandita, a pupil of Jona Raja. The fourth portion was written so late as in the time of the great Emperor Akbar; and we are not surprised that about a century afterwards an abridged translation of some part of the work attracted the attention of the French traveller Bernier, who commenced to turn it into French. Much of this information we derive from an essay on the subject by the late H. H. Wilson, which has, unaccountably as it appears to us, been omitted in the edition of his works published by Dr. Rost. It is, however, still accessible in the fifteenth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*, and is full of interesting matter. It certainly deserved much more attention than the few jaunty and rather contemptuous expressions awarded to it in his preface by the translator, Jogesh Chandra Dutt.

There are one or two obvious deductions to be made from the

present work. It is the production of a native gentleman of the Kayastha caste, which is divided into clans or families numbering successively three, eight, and seventy-two "houses," as they are termed. The author, like the reformer Keshub Chundra Sen, is one of the eight forming the second division. Now, that educated young Hindus should take to literary pursuits and combine the study of their own classics with a sound English education, is highly desirable. The literary Baboo or native gentleman, is a far better product of our administration than the Baboo who puffs, spouts, and lectures. Anything is preferable to an Aryan gentleman—as the case may be—who, picking up a good many of the cant phrases of the "advanced thinker," and primed with a rare stock of cheap and second-hand patriotism, condescends to lecture Englishmen and Englishwomen on their national shortcomings, and proves, by quotations from Milton and Shakspeare, his unquestionable fitness to rule districts in India or to represent Englishmen in Parliament. It is creditable to the author that he gives utterance to no trash of this sort; and in his dedication to his younger brother, a member of the Bengal Civil Service and a barrister, we recognize that natural affection and hearty interest in the welfare of their near relations of which Hindus can give such signal proofs. Indeed, Hindu brothers and cousins can be as good friends as any Christians when they are friends at all, and when they do not fall out and fight like fiends. The publication, too, by "I. C. Bose and Co., Stanhope Press, 249 Bow Bazaar," and the reservation of "all rights," is another imitation of Western fashions, which does no harm and is thoroughly characteristic of "Young Bengal."

The first part of this Kashmir history, though not dealing in monstrous fictions, has an occasional flavour of the mythological era; and the late Mr. Wilson's earnest attempts to reconcile discrepancies in its chronology and to fix the dates of particular sovereigns within a century or two still make a large demand on the critic's indulgence. But we shall deal with the style and character of the translation in preference to dates, which before the Mahomedan conquest can never be fully depended on. Now we do not wish to apply a very rigid standard to the English style of a foreigner, nor do we lay stress on the constant use of the verb to "coronate"—if there be such a verb—in preference to "crowning" a king. But the author has yet a good deal to learn about the duties of an editor and translator. Explanations of terms familiar to Anglo-Indians and used every day by Hindus are essential if Englishmen are to understand the work. But many terms are left wholly unexplained. Others are rendered by phrases completely calculated to mislead. And of others the equivalent selected is whimsical and incorrect. In one passage, for instance, it is stated that on re-entering Kashmir an elephant of the *cortège* of the Raja fell "into a den," whereupon the cruel Raja ordered the slaughter of one hundred more of these animals. What the original must mean is, that an elephant fell into a pit or over a precipice, as did three or four royal elephants in the time of Bernier, and probably somewhere in the same region. We are perpetually told of incidents which occur on the third or fourth day of the bright moon or the dark moon. The ordinary terms in use are the *shukla paksha* and the *krishna paksha*, or the bright and the dark fortnight, the former being the period when the moon is on the increase up to the full, and the latter when it wanes. The first half and the second half of the lunar month would be more intelligible terms. Seraglio and jaghir are essentially Mahomedan inventions and should be kept out of a Hindu narrative of old times. A leather bag is said to have saved the life of a king, who with his army was swept away by the current of some river that issues from the Nepal hills. We apprehend that this bag is the inflated goat-skin on which, to this day, natives cross the Indus and other rivers. A king's Minister had a *shuka* or tame bird, which brought him many pearls. This bird was simply a parrot. *Krishnasara* is vaguely rendered by a deer. It is the black buck or antelope. Manu mentions the land frequented by this animal as being fit for the residence of good Hindus, thereby meaning the plains which to this day swarm with antelopes, as distinct from rocky jungles frequented by barbarous and non-Aryan tribes. *Kunta* is not a bayonet, and such a weapon is not ordinarily used in fox-hunting either by Kashmirian Rajas or by any one else. We suspect the game to have been jackals and the weapons probably a sort of spear or javelin. Bad trees are described as burnt by the "wood-fire." What is meant is that the jungle was set alight and the worthless trees destroyed. *Shivika*, of which we have no explanation, is the Sanskrit term for a palanquin, the conveyance of rich men, fat men, brides, and Rajas from time immemorial in India, and even of Englishmen until displaced by the dawk carriage and the railway. *Sakhtu* or *sattu* is not "powdered oats," but oatmeal or meal of any pulse. It would have been easy for the translator to give a few notes to explain these and many other words, as he has thought fit to do in the case of *Rakhtatāra*, dysentery or literally "bloody flux," and the *Aswattha* tree; only that he calls the latter the *peepul*, when it is really the "*Dut*" or Indian fig tree. Then we doubt if much knowledge is imparted by conferring modern titles on ancient offices. A Chief Justice, or Superintendent of Police and a Constable, are all associated with a certain distinct and individual character in the present Anglo-Indian administration. If order was preserved and justice administered in Kashmir two thousand years ago, we may be quite certain that those objects were attained by very different personages. Natives under our rule at this day have only just begun to translate the old Mahomedan term for *burkundus* or policeman, into *kannishtabul*

\* *Kings of Kashmir: a Translation of the Sanskrit work "Raja Tarangini" of Kalhana Pandita.* By Jogesh Chunder Dutt. Calcutta: printed by I. C. Bose & Co., Stanhope Press, 249 Bow Bazaar Street. 1879.

(constable). We have only room for two more errors, and they are somewhat ludicrous. Lalitaditya, a celebrated king, who took the city of Kanauj, carried his conquests to the far south, and returned by Dwarika or Guzerat and the Western Sea, is cheered on one occasion by the soft wind "charged with the scent of mindeer." Here is obviously some confusion between the reindeer and the musk deer. It was no doubt the smell of *kashhuri* or musk that delighted the hearts of the king and his warriors. Once or twice cowardly kings are told that they are "neuters." The origin of this perplexing term we take to be is that *kliva linga* is grammatically used for the neuter gender. But *kliva* also signifies weak and effeminate, and is applied to men. It would accurately describe a degenerate race of despots. These sort of phrases are traps for young Hindus. Some years ago a native subordinate accustomed to the style of correspondence characteristic of the Indian secretariat, described a person not born in matrimony as a sort of "demi-official" son.

Putting aside blunders and omissions, this translation does throw some light on manners and customs, to say nothing of its suggesting geographical puzzles. Of course, we find the usual proclivities of Oriental Ministers, kings, and queens. There are chaste princesses who become suttées, and sovereigns who endow temples, set up images of brass, silver, and gold, settle lands on virtuous Brahmins, and occasionally tolerate the Buddhist religion or give it free course. Ministers and poets obtain royal favour and lose it as quickly, and the former, we regret to add, sometimes seduce the affections of queens. We should say that notices of the foundations of certain cities and temples rest on fairly good evidence. In all parts of India the name of Rajas and far humbler individuals who have excavated large reservoirs, or built palaces, are tenaciously handed down orally from one generation to another. Then we get glimpses of pre-Aryan customs and of tribes which were in the habit of killing and eating animals, and which are termed *Rakshakas*, though there is evidently nothing more "demoniacal" about them than there is about a modern Bheel or a Santal. An anecdote of a king named Vajraditya, throws light on the question of property and title. When he wished to build a temple, it was found that the house of a tanner fell within the limit marked out for the building. The sovereign, however, would not rob a poor man of the inheritance of his fathers, and had no queen who was prepared to suborn false evidence against this Kashmirian Naboth. The tanner was offered another and a better house, or an equivalent in money, but he replied that his hut was to him as a palace, and that the grief of losing it would equal that of a God ejected from heaven or a sovereign who had lost his kingdom. Wegather, however, that this obdurate tanner ended by giving up his house when it was asked for as a favour. The anecdote lends colour to the reasoning of Anglo-Indian administrators who maintain that, even under a severe Hindu despotism, there was such a thing as proprietary right in lands as well as in houses, and that everything did not belong to the sovereign. That money, according to our modern notion, has a natural tendency towards money, is expressed in this history by the simile of birds that roost for the night in one tree, or channels and passages that conduct rain to one tank; "even so wealth flows, of itself, from various quarters, and meets the fortunate man." But that a king should be powerless as a doll, and that he becomes good or bad according to the virtues or sins of his subjects, is rather a reversal of the ordinary Oriental canon on these subjects. Useless labour is likened to the sale of ice in the Himalayas, or, as we should say, carrying coals to Newcastle. A limit between very remote epochs is established by the recital of a grievous famine which covered the waters of Jhelum with corpses, and enabled members of State and others to grow rich by selling rice at high prices. We should be glad to know if local antiquaries could discover any faint trace or tradition of a temple built at the junction of the Jhelum and the Indus by a man of the Vaishya caste, who rose to be prime minister, and left a wealthy family.

We must do the author the justice to say that he has elaborately translated a work which Horace Wilson only analysed, and that he brings down events to a slightly later date, including the reign of a certain Harsha. This man inherited a kingdom, and was celebrated in his youth for his poetry and knowledge of languages. Unluckily, owing to bad advice, he made an attempt on his father's life; but was only imprisoned for his failure. How his father went to die at the famous Temple of the Sun at Martanda; how Harsha succeeded to the throne, his younger brother Utkarsha prudently committing suicide; how the elder brother introduced divers strange and new costumes, and amongst others that of wearing turbans; how he eventually went quite astray, and committed acts of folly and madness; how he pretended to die of cholera in order to deceive his Minister; and how he made a bridge of boats which only served to let his enemies into his capital, is all very well told. Eventually he was dethroned, took refuge in a cottage, and was slain by armed men, displaying at the last something of a kingly and heroic demeanour. This episode may almost justify the translator in comparing the poem to the Ramayana or Mahabharata.

This translation, on the whole, though creditable to the author, is not for depth and variety of information to be placed by the side of Wilson's essay. Mr. J. C. Dutt, as he no doubt wishes to be called, disparages the alterations and additions of the Persian version, of which Wilson gives extracts. It is more correct to say that from this discursive information the previous essay derives much of its value. It teems with quotations and explana-

tory notes, and we extract one proverb, expressive of the very short reigns of some of these Kashmirian princes, which is said to be current in the country to this hour:—"One caldron, on one stove, saw seven reigns in the time during which the meat was cooked." But perhaps it is hardly fair to draw comparisons between a young Bengali writer and the polished and versatile author of the *Meghaduta*, or to expect from the former any knowledge of that Persian language in which some Hindus of the last generation were remarkably proficient.

#### MISS STOKES ON ANCIENT IRISH ART.\*

THESE papers, collected into a separate publication, have appeared from time to time for several years, and contain the sketches and notes left by Dr. Petrie, and supplemented by the learning and fuller knowledge of Miss Stokes. It is a pity that no preface or introduction has been prefixed, for the excellent indexes are hardly sufficient for the guidance of the reader; and it is perhaps unintentionally characteristic of an Irish book of such importance that the reader who wishes to make serious use of it must begin by reading the "Concluding Notices," which occupy the last fifty or sixty pages of the second volume. Dr. Petrie collected nearly three hundred inscriptions from the ancient monuments, including crosses, bells, chalices and shrines, as well as tombs, altar stones, cromlechs, and church doorways, and his notes and drawings are now published by Miss Stokes. As the earliest Christian preachers built as the heathen natives had built before them, so in writing they adopted at first the ancient Ogham characters which, introduced perhaps as early as the third century, continued to exist side by side with the Roman at least until the ninth century. The language of these inscriptions is the vernacular, contrary to the usage of other countries at that period, and Irish may claim to be one of the oldest written languages yet living in Europe. This may arise, says Miss Stokes, from the fact that Ireland never formed part of the Roman Empire. It is a strange fact, and one of which controversialists have made but too much, that it is not until a very late period in her history that the island fell under the spiritual dominion of Rome, and that the ancient remains treated of in this book present only a few and late examples of Roman influence. The abbreviation "X. P. S." occurs but once in Ireland, and the monogram of the labarum never. Before the Church became a political power in Europe, and at a time when asceticism still prevailed, the anchorites of the day, in their search for isolation, safety, and repose, naturally sought the remote shores of the island of the West, and endeavoured by the unexplored coast of the Atlantic to find that freedom of opinion and of worship which in later years was sought beyond the ocean. Much that is enigmatical in the history of Irish Christianity may be accounted for by remembering her geographical position. Of the emblems found in the Roman catacombs hardly any occur in Ireland, with one interesting exception, the "gospel ship," which is carved in the window of a round tower. The strange old Christmas carol which begins, "I saw three ships come sailing on," may be a similar reference to the traditional advent of the Church from across the sea.

With regard to the cross Miss Stokes gives us some very interesting notes. It seems that in a "rath," or mound, at Lucan, not far from Dublin, an Egyptian alabaster bottle was found, and is now in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Miss Stokes connects this discovery with the coming of seven Egyptian monks who lie buried in Disert Ulidh. The cross may also, it seems, have come from Egypt. No monument of certain date presents us with a Greek or Latin cross before the fifth century, the oldest example being a simple Greek cross in the lowest floor of the crypt of St. Lucina. Almost contemporary are representations of the miracle of the loaves and fishes, in which the loaves are marked like a Good Friday "hot cross bun." But this is "a baker's mark, of great antiquity, such as is found to have been put on the ancient Egyptian bread." One of the oldest of Egyptian hieroglyphs is a well-formed plain Latin cross, which stands for the letter A, or the syllable "am." The cross within the circle does not occur as a letter, but its use in marking circular loaves is unquestionable. In Ireland the cross within the circle is one of the oldest forms. It is not quite plain whether Miss Stokes would have us understand that it was a pre-Christian ornament. When it is remembered, she remarks, that Christianity is held to have been introduced between the fourth and fifth centuries, and that the first monuments to Christian art date from the sixth and seventh centuries, "it is an interesting fact that this cross within the circle is found on the oldest stones in Ireland."

There are some very interesting notes, also in this part of the book, upon the form "Orate pro," which commences most old Christian epitaphs. In Irish this is "Oroit Do," and much doubt has been felt whether it should be translated "pray for," or "a prayer for"; whether, that is, it represents "orate" or "oratio." Miss Stokes decides that, at the close of the seventh century, if not sooner, "orait" was a substantive. The formula, strange to say, was universal in Ireland while it was still exceptional elsewhere. In the infancy of the Christian Church all other thoughts seemed lost in the new assurance of faith. All the symbols tell of hope, rest, peace, joy, as the characteristics of death and the

\* *Christian Inscriptions in the Irish Language*. Chiefly collected and drawn by George Petrie, LL.D., and edited by M. Stokes. 2 vols. 1872-78. Dublin: Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland.

life beyond the tomb. As time went on, and new races were brought into the fold, "the mysticism of a mythology engendered under ruder skies" gave birth to other and sadder phases of Christian feeling. The request for the intercession of the living is "a reflex of a certain phase of Christian faith" which passed over Gaul and Italy between the third and the fifth century, that awful period of war and famine, of massacre and desolation. It was at that period Christianity reached Ireland, "a period when men's minds were moved with questionings as to the passage of the soul after death."

Another interesting point in the oldest inscriptions on tombs is the fact that the name of the deceased was often omitted. The profession and family name are seldom mentioned. In Gaul there were not a few such examples as that in the church of St. Allyre, "Hic requiescent corpora sanctorum quorum nomina Deus scit." But in Ireland the information given was still more meagre. "The tomb of ten men," and "pray for two canons" are among the examples cited by Miss Stokes. An interesting but comparatively modern inscription of the kind is in the Cathedral of St. Albans, and commemorates an Abbot, whom Mr. Haines would identify as John Moote who died in 1400:—

Hic quidam terra tegitur, peccati solvens debitum,  
Cui nomen non imponitur, in libro vite sit conscriptum.

Another peculiarity in the Irish epitaphs is the absence of titles. In these collections the tombstones of five kings are given, yet the title of king never occurs, though in some cases a personal epithet is added to the name, as "Bran the black, Cairpre the bent, Colman the poor, Bran the pilgrim," but the occurrence of such distinctions is very rare.

Miss Stokes seems positive that the familiar crosses of stone which occur so frequently in Ireland are not sepulchral monuments. The cross in Kells Churchyard, for example, though inscribed with the names of two saints, is merely honorary or commemorative, having been erected many centuries after their decease. One of the famous crosses of Clonmacnois, so well known to the tourist in Ireland, was erected by Abbot Colman in honour of King Flann O'Melaghlin, who is buried in quite a different place in the cemetery, and near him another King, who is commemorated on a cross at Tuam, many miles distant. Most of these crosses are not, however, memorial, but were set up to mark boundaries, of which the most remarkable example is one which stands in the middle of the River Blackwater, near the Sanctuary of St. Kieran, in Meath. They were signs which men fleeing for their lives might see, and within their shadow the fugitive or the penitent might find repose and safety. All these crosses, to which an almost fabulous antiquity has sometimes been assigned, are shown by the researches of Dr. Petrie and Miss Stokes to be not earlier than the commencement of the tenth century. The dated examples range from 914 to 1123. The whole number of these beautiful works, which show to how high a point art in Ireland had attained before the oldest of our Norman examples of carving in England, is upwards of two dozen, of which seven bear inscriptions. Some have been destroyed within living memory; and it is not long since one was to be seen in the market-place of the cathedral city of Drogheda broken in two, and fitted up with the irons of a pair of stocks. It would probably be impossible in Protestant Ulster to obtain the reinstatement of this interesting object as a churchyard cross. It is apparently unknown to Miss Stokes.

The last object of ancient Irish art noticed by Miss Stokes is the famous Book of Kells, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Its age has also been greatly exaggerated; but most authorities are inclined to assign it to a period not much later than the sixth century. Miss Stokes disposes very completely of this idea. The book is mentioned by the annalists so early as the end of the tenth century. The version of the Gospels is not that of St. Columba, and the book is therefore later than the sixth century. "A comparison of the art in this wonderful book with those dated examples which come nearest it in character—the Book of Armagh and the Gospels of MacDurnan—leads to the suggestion that it may belong to the same period—that is, to the ninth century." The shrine or cover of the book is mentioned in 1008, which seems to indicate that the book itself was already of considerable age, "since," adds Miss Stokes, "it seems as if an object must generally have been one or two hundred years old before it was held sufficiently venerable to have been enshrined." This reason is hardly adequate. Miss Stokes does not often indulge in such vague historical expressions as "one or two hundred years," and the book may very well have been prized and even venerated from the first, when we remember the character of the ornamentation, which places it far beyond any similar example. Mr. Westwood has recorded the fact that, though he examined the pages of it for hours together, he did not find a false line or an irregular interlacement. In one space of about a quarter of an inch superficial he counted, with the help of a lens, no fewer than one hundred and fifty-eight interlacements of a slender ribbon pattern in white with a black edge on a black ground; and it was probably of this book that Giraldus asserts, "vere hæc omnia angelica potius quam humana diligentia . . . esse composita."

The whole of this essay on ancient Irish art is marked by the learning and clearness which are always apparent in Miss Stokes's work; but, as in her book on Christian architecture, the driest details are every now and then brightened up by a picturesqueness amounting occasionally almost to poetry. Among the numerous illustrations is a photograph of a very beautiful chalice, made by a lady of the house of O'Connor, which

gives the author occasion to trust "that from this sacred vessel the women of Ireland in the nineteenth century may learn to love, if they are not able to reproduce, works of such refinement and grace, achieved in so true a spirit of tenderness and delicacy as this of the Irish maiden in the eleventh century." For some reason, not very easy to find, the "Irish maiden" and the "Irish man" too, in this nineteenth century are content to leave the task of unravelling the ancient history of their country to people no more Irish by descent than Miss Stokes or Dr. Petrie. To workers like Miss Stokes Ireland owes much; and it is to be hoped that more honour may be paid to her lessons than usually falls to the share of a prophet in his own country.

#### AN EASTERN AFTERGLOW.\*

BOOKS of travel may be roughly divided into two classes. The one consists of works written by men possessing a thorough knowledge of the country which they describe, whose intimate acquaintance with its people and history gives to their work the same degree of authority as that which belongs to a scholar of European reputation when he deals with a classical author. The second class is occupied by those writers who, without having any special knowledge of the countries which they visit, are gifted with considerable powers of observation, and with a happy knack of describing the trifling everyday incidents of travel in such a manner as to amuse general readers. Mr. Wood, unhappily, does not possess the qualifications necessary to place his book in either of these categories. To those who know Egypt and Syria it is utterly useless—to those who do not it must be unspeakably dull. In the preface Mr. Wood makes some apology for the absence of any information on the subject of ancient history. He very truly observes that "this has been served up so frequently, by hands skilful and unskilful, that its recurrence now, with no new light thrown upon it, would partake somewhat of the nature of a stale and uninviting *réchauffé*." It does not appear to have occurred to him that five hundred pages of diluted guide-book might "partake somewhat" of a similar nature. We do not for a moment mean to suggest that Mr. Wood has spent the four years which intervened between his Eastern Expedition and the publication of this volume in laboriously compiling from Murray and Baedeker a connected narrative of his journey. We prefer to believe that he went to the East without knowing that anything whatever had been written about the countries which he proposed to visit, and that the existence of such a thing as a handbook remained unknown to him up to the date of the publication of his book. On no other supposition is its production intelligible to ordinary minds. The few who may chance to read it will discover that Mr. Wood was one of a party of four, of whom "three were clergymen, the fourth was intending to take orders in due time"; that the party did exactly what most tourists do in the East—went up the Nile in a dahabeah, and afterwards to Syria and Palestine on camels; and that one of them has since devoted himself to the composition of a very tedious account of this stereotyped journey. Mr. Wood expresses his aims in writing the book as follows:—"The present aspects of a faded and fallen past it is attempted to portray, as in a coloured panorama, which to home-fettered eyes may reveal passing glimpses of scenes unseen, lands once of bondage and wandering and promise, perhaps so still; faithfully, albeit, and soberly to portray them, without permitting vagrant fancy to seize the brush and wield it according to her own caprice." The motives which guided the author in his choice of a title are set forth in a passage quite as extraordinary as the one just quoted. It reads very much as if it may have formed the peroration of one of the sermons with which the three clergymen of the party were wont, as Mr. Wood informs us, to edify their future brother during the journey.

If we have devoted a rather large share of attention to the short preface, it is because there is so singularly little in the body of the volume which requires notice. We may, however, proceed to Mr. Wood's account of how he "viewed with open eyes the much that merits attention in these reverend lands." The style is for the most part what has been called parochial, and the hands of vagrant fancy have, as Mr. Wood complacently states, been restrained from grasping the pen—we beg pardon, the brush. Here and there, however, we meet with passages which may be distinguished from the rest by strange inversions of the usual order of words in an English sentence. As we have further noticed that these passages generally begin with the formula "tis" or "twas," instead of "it is" or "it was," we conclude that they are poetical in character. In the same way when Mr. Wood writes "I'm" for "I am," it may be gathered that he is condescending to be colloquial. With these suggestions, which we offer with all diffidence for the better understanding of Mr. Wood's style, we may pass on to his first impressions of Cairo. "It is a bright city, though the dust and the heat and the glare are very considerable, and by no means dispelled by not infrequent showers of rain." Why Mr. Wood should have been surprised by the presence of a glare in a bright city it is not easy to say, but it seems to have been the case. "A considerable ingredient in Cairene life are the donkeys." These animals, Mr. Wood has discovered, are driven by a class of persons called donkey-boys,

\* *An Eastern Afterglow: or, Present Aspects of Sacred Scenery.* By W. S. Wood, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1880.

and they (the donkeys, not the boys) are "occasionally shaved." There are also negro girls, "with curiously curled hair," and American missionaries, while "led monkeys are by no means rare in the streets." Mr. Wood might have said that they are very common in the streets without fear of being guilty of exaggeration, and if he had further stated that they are particularly offensive to more senses than one he would have added one of those minute touches which are so entirely wanting in his narrative. He was much struck by seeing the carpenters at work, but is quite mistaken in saying that the lathe "is turned by working it with a kind of bowstring propelled by the feet, while a sharp instrument"—no other than the chisel, in fact—"is pressed against it with the hands." As a matter of fact, the men, or still oftener boys, work the bowstring with the hand, and use the foot to press the blade of the chisel against the wood. The mistake, however, is very excusable, especially in a spectator with deficient powers of observation; for the contortions of the operator's body render the identification of particular limbs a matter of some difficulty, and remind one of the account in *Bon Gaultier* of the famous acrobat:—

Till the terror-struck spectators ask, in petrified alarm,  
Which may be the warrior's body, which is leg, and which is arm?

Of course the party visited the Pyramids. Here are Mr. Wood's impressions of the Sphinx:—

The nose is gone, the ears are too far forward, the lips are thick; but in spite of all, as the spectator gazes into the large, absent eyes, so far away from the present and its littleness, he feels the influence of a beauty changeless and serene.

We should have thought that due consideration of the large absent nose would have prevented any one from applying to the Sphinx the epithet changeless. No discoveries of importance were made during this visit to Gheezeh. Mr. Wood does indeed tell us that "sculptured sepulchres are contiguous to the Great Pyramid," but others have noticed this fact before him. However, on another occasion he seems to have found the name of a king hitherto unknown in Egyptian history—one "Mykem, of the 4th dynasty." No such name appears in the table of Abydos, or any other list of kings so far as we know. There was a king of that dynasty named Menkaora, who built the third pyramid, and whose name appears in the Greek writers as Mycerinus, but we cannot suppose Mr. Wood to be so ignorant of the commonest names in Egyptian history as to confuse these two forms.

It is unnecessary to notice at all minutely the voyage up the Nile. Among its chief incidents were the perpetration of a "grim joke" by Mr. Wood, and the disclosure of a "strange Arab superstition." This superstition was merely the belief in the power of the evil eye, which we should really have thought was not new even to the most ignorant, as it is by no means confined to the East. The most amusing incident in the journey through Syria and Palestine occurred at Nabloos, where the party went to inspect the Codex Samaritanus. The priests were reluctant to show the genuine MS., and brought out several less important manuscripts in the hope of satisfying the strangers. However, they had a guide who was able to distinguish between the various documents, and so they got a view of the genuine Codex. They appear to have been much gratified by their inspection of it; but as they were not in a position to distinguish it from any other manuscript which might be set before them, the advantages which they derived from the sight of it are not very apparent. But this is only one more instance which goes to prove that an intelligent interest in the objects which come under his notice is by no means necessary to the British tourist, and Mr. Wood does not show any very great superiority in this respect to the personally conducted parties of which he speaks so contemptuously. He and his friends picnicked in private gardens, and bathed in water-tanks, and in various ways showed an entire disregard of the feelings of the people through whose country they were travelling. Of course we find examples of the usual haphazard identification of localities which every traveller in these lands thinks it necessary to make, though all do not go so far as to publish them. "The ground once sanctified by the presence of the Tabernacle" is satisfactorily discovered, and a little hollow, planted with young fig-trees, "is not unlikely the very spot where the daughters of Shiloh were wont to dance at the annual feast in the time of the Judges." It is rather surprising that Mr. Wood did not notice any woman with a Madonna-like countenance, but he makes up to some extent for the omission by discovering that two boatmen on the Sea of Tiberias reminded him a little of Italian paintings of James and John the sons of Zebedee. An important feature in the expedition was the length and frequency of the religious services held on the Nile and in the desert. This of itself would not call for any special notice, and might be taken as a natural expression of the devotional feelings excited in the hearts of a party of clergymen by a journey amid sacred scenery and associations. But Mr. Wood is careful to guard his readers against falling into any such erroneous supposition. He explains that these services were held "at the request of the American missionaries" for the purpose of impressing the Arabs with the fact that Christians can upon occasion pray as much as Mohammedans. Perhaps the impression made upon the natives would have been more edifying had the practices of the party been more consistent with their ostentatious devotions; but it appears that their ideas of justice were affected seriously by the Eastern atmosphere. On one occasion they attempted to upset an agreement into which they had entered with a sheik for their escort across the Jordan, because they afterwards came to the conclusion that his terms were too high. Mr. Wood gives it as

his own opinion that the man was in the right; but his opinion did not prevent him from bringing the case before the Turkish governor. This official, however, confirmed the bargain. Another example of the same kind was given when a small boy was carried off and maltreated simply because Mr. Wood, without any sufficient grounds, suspected his sister of stealing a missing article of very small value. It is to be hoped that Arabs will not estimate English justice by the standard of Mr. Wood's party. It would be equally unfortunate if any one were to judge of English composition by the standard of Mr. Wood's book.

#### CARMELA.\*

THE Princess Olga Cantacuzène has certainly one great merit as a novelist. She is on the side of virtue. She does not try to attract a host of low readers by pandering to low tastes. She makes her heroine as saintlike as these degenerate times allow; and, though the necessities of a modern story require the presence of at least one very bad person, she is very careful not to render vice attractive. Virtue, moreover, after the hard trials of three long volumes, receives its just reward, while frivolity and wickedness are punished. The English reader will perhaps be somewhat scandalized at finding that all the good characters are Roman Catholics. Nay even, he will be greatly shocked when he reads that a baronet forsakes the errors of Protestantism, and in this world is rewarded for his conversion by winning the hand of a most charming bride. In ordinary cases some consolation might be derived from the reflection that the baronets are men of a very depraved character. That they should ever be brought to think seriously on religious matters, even though the faith they embrace may not be free from gross error, must be a satisfaction to all candid readers. But Sir Charles Trevor was by no means a common baronet. He was not given to vice of any kind. He neither gambled, swore, nor drank. He had apparently modelled himself on the perfect baronet of another age, for he made as near an approach to Sir Charles Grandison as could be looked for in the nineteenth century. In such a man as this a conversion is, we feel, almost an impertinence. He entertained, we are told, a profound respect for ancient English customs and traditions. His stepmother, a foreign lady, lived with him after his father's death. "Crafty and ambiguous" though she was, yet he always treated her with the utmost deference. Yet on one point he would not yield one jot. Every day, we read, after dinner "she rose from table, according to the English custom, which her stepson had never allowed her to infringe." Was it likely, we ask, that such a man as this would desert the old Church and his family pew and become a Papist? Princess Olga Cantacuzène may have made a careful study of England and English society, but the hearts of baronets, we can assure her, are still unknown to her.

The story opens in a small fishing village on the coast of Sussex, a few miles from Trevor Place. There we are introduced to the hero, Count Henri de Teligny. He was more admirable even than the baronet, and being by birth a good Catholic had no need of conversion. He was, if possible, even more Grandisonian than Sir Charles. He was master of a magnificent fortune. He had made a brilliant start in the diplomatic career. He was on the point of being made an ambassador. He had the ambition to make for himself a name in the highest ranks of literature. He was tall and handsome, while a rather haughty reserve did not exclude affability from the expression of his features, and even in his slightest movements one traced the gentleman of family and ancient name. What could such a man as this be doing in a little inn on the Sussex coast? He was not at Brighton or one of those other delightful spots on the same shore, "where," according to the author, "the mildness of the climate makes one dream of the Mediterranean." He was, we read, in a situation so sad, and arid, and desolate, that it would not have been easy to find one to match it in these respects. He was engaged in writing his "Studies of Social Economy." The clock strikes four. He raised his head with astonishment. "Already," said he, "I have then been working more than six hours." And slowly, as if with regret, he closed his manuscript. He went out on to the shore, and watched the sea-weeds thrown on the beach, writhed in despairing convulsions. Perhaps their despair was due to the fact that they had not been cast up at Brighton. He meets there by chance the baronet, and is invited to go with him to Trevor Place. Sir Charles gave him a short account of his family history. His stepmother, it turns out, was the sister of one of the Count's oldest friends, the Marquis de Lorestan. She had but one child, a daughter, Lucy by name, whom her half-brother thus describes:—

"Lucy was only seven years old when I was called upon to act the part of a father to her. I sometimes fear that I play but badly my part of guardian. I do not occupy myself enough about her, I allow myself to get too much absorbed in my own affairs. She is a charming spoiled child. She is now arrived at that important moment when it becomes necessary to take care that she does not give away her heart imprudently. She is still very young; she will, unhappily, remain so all her life, I think, and I am quite decided to oppose any project of marriage which does not offer the chief guarantee of happiness for her—that of a firm, sound judgment, capable of directing her. That I may not be obliged to use my authority, I try to keep my influence over her. I see as much of her as possible, even during the time of the elections," added Sir Charles. "I do not, however,

\* *Carmela*. A Novel. By the Princess Olga Cantacuzène. Translated from the French by Madame Klaus. 3 vols. London: S. Tinsley & Co. 1880.

reproach myself for the fancy that urged me to leave Lucy for a few hours to enjoy the terrible beauty of the tempest on the beach of Holme Cliff, since it has procured me the pleasure of meeting you there."

Whatever may be the merits of the author's style, they certainly, it is clear, are not seen in the translation. But to return to our hero. He had already made Miss Lucy's acquaintance in her solitary rides to the beach, and had even been foolish enough to fall in love with her. He had seen her gallop by with her fair hair floating around her like a golden cloud. He informed the baronet of his attachment. "Contrary to his expectation, Sir Charles's first impulse was almost an opposition. The good sense, the extreme rectitude of judgment, which were his chief qualities, pointed out to him a kind of absurdity in this union." It was not that the Count was unworthy of his sister. Lucy, he knew, did not deserve so admirable a husband. The lover of course persists in his intentions, and as the young lady highly approves of him, there is nothing to be done. Meanwhile the Count sends for his bosom friend, Paul de Meran. He arrives full of joy at the tidings; but when he sees Lucy he, too, does not spare his exhortations. "There is something in this marriage," he tells the lover, "which is revolting to me; it is the coupling of the eagle with the colibri." It is difficult, by the way, for the ordinary reader thoroughly to enjoy the modern novel unless he keeps by him half a dozen dictionaries. Surely the translator, if she would not introduce the humming-bird into the text, might yet have given it in a note. In like manner, in another passage, we read that a fair, beardless lord, in evening dress, "wore a collar which left his clavicle visible." *Clavicle* and *colibri* both add, no doubt, a certain dignity to the story, but it is a pity that, by the large majority of readers, they will not be in the least understood. Though the Count is not much moved, yet Paul is not easily checked in his warnings. "I bet anything," he says, "you have never entertained the idea of showing her a page of your admirable 'Essay on the Moral Progress of Nations!'" We are not surprised to learn that "Henri de Teligny had become very pale while listening to his friend." It was too true. Lucy was the last person to care for her lover as an author. Once after their marriage he did venture to read to her his famous essay, and she in a few moments fell asleep, just as if she had been listening to a sermon. Meanwhile the reader, who is getting a little weary of the perfections of the Count and the baronet, is relieved by catching a glimpse of a mystery. There was a certain Carmela who, till the time of the last baronet's death, had been always brought up with Lucy. Since then she had been strictly kept at a school in Paris, and for eleven years had not been seen by any of the family. Sir Charles insists that she shall be present at the marriage, whereupon the Count "saw a flash of hatred gleam in the look that Lady Trevor cast on her stepson." In the end it turns out that Carmela is one of those well-known long-lost daughters, and that she is kept out of a handsome fortune by the wicked dowager. But we are lifting a veil which is kept down till almost the end of the book. Meanwhile the wedding is fixed for the New Year, and Christmas is kept with great solemnity and festivity at Trevor Place. On the chandelier in the drawing-room was hung a piece of mistletoe, "which conferred," as the author states, no doubt for the enlightenment of foreign readers, "on the dancer dexterous enough to bring his partner in the dance under it, and to pluck one of the berries, the right to kiss her." On the last day of the year the festivities were kept up with great spirit, but "insensibly the party had classed itself into different categories." In the middle of the room was a cloud of light tissues, jewels, and flowers. In one corner was a group of men. Among them was the young lord whose collar left his clavicle visible. Near him was "a fat red squire, who deplored the state of the temperature, which menaced his hopes of the crops of the coming year." What harm a frost on the 31st of December could do to the crops both the squire and the author forget to tell. However, there was some consolation to be had, for a young man, with a demure face and a straight coat-collar, evidently a clergyman, "announced that the tempest would put an end to the frost, and predicted a thaw for the following day. A unanimous wish for its realization hailed this prediction." The thaw sets in, and arrangements are made for a great hunt. "Several foxes had been described the previous evening," and "their holes had been walled up, so that a splendid hunt was expected." The Count is thrown from his horse at the very spot where the heroine, Carmela, chanced to be sitting. She had taken a walk by herself, and had sunk down worn out with fatigue. Lucy gallops up, but has not presence of mind to be of any service. Carmela saves his life. He swoons, but soon recovering makes as he lies on the ground some uncommonly long speeches. "I felt," he says, "my strength abandon me, and I was forced to assist, without power of opposition, at a scene which filled me with horror." The marriage of course is put off, but it does take place after all, though the hero himself had by this time begun to suspect that it was Carmela and not Lucy who was worthy of the author of the "Essay on the Moral Progress of Nations." At the wedding Carmela slips away from among the bridesmaids and goes up into the organ-loft. It was with some reason that the good nun, who had allowed her for this one time to fill her place as organist, regretted having given her this proof of confidence. Her behaviour, indeed, was of the most extraordinary kind—such, indeed, as might cast a damp over the most suitable of marriages.

Instead of the traditional nuptial march, which greets the arrival of the bridal pair, they had been received by a kind of groan, repeated and prolonged, sad, supplicating, like that heartrending strophe which is chanted

on Good-Friday, when the Church, by a few sublime words, seeks to express the anguish of Christ disowned by His people. And little by little this pathetic appeal swelled, grew fuller in sound, took the proportions of a menace, a malediction; the expression of all the passion contained in the human heart, anger, almost hatred was heard in it. Then suddenly the plaintive Melpomene hastily interrupted this passionate murmur like a last dolorous cry, a despairing prayer, and the young organist, exhausted, fainting, fell on her knees beside her instrument.

Of course a marriage which began with so dismal an omen came to an unhappy end. The bride dies of consumption and the hero goes blind. Meanwhile Carmela was loved by all the heroic characters in turn. First Paul de Meran, who had done his best to induce the Count to give up Lucy and to marry her, offers to marry her himself. Next the baronet falls in love with her, and then an Italian Count. She rejects all three, and in the end is rewarded for her constancy by having the admirable hero for her husband. We had hoped, even up to the last chapter, that an eminent oculist, or a pilgrimage to some shrine, would restore him to his sight; but our hopes were disappointed. However, everything else is done to give the story a cheerful ending. One or two sinners die penitent, and all the bachelors are provided with excellent wives.

#### MINOR NOTICES.

WE learn from a commendably brief preface, that the papers contained in the little volume entitled *The Mudfog Papers* (1) "were written by Charles Dickens for the early numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*." Mr. Bentley goes on to tell us that three of the manuscripts which are in his possession are covered with corrections. "At that time Charles Dickens wrote a freer and bolder hand than he came to write in later years," and in Mr. Bentley's opinion the greater clearness of the early manuscript may have been due to the fact that the quill pen was then in constant use. However this may be, a special kind of interest attaches of course to the republication of these papers in which one finds in their earliest, or almost their earliest forms, the peculiar style and peculiar humour which afterwards became at once more marked and more controlled. It has been well observed that it was on this period of Dickens's writing that the many almost-forgotten *brochures*, as well as the better-remembered novels of Albert Smith, seem to have been modelled. In the first paper of the volume, "Public Life of Mr. Tulrumble," we have the onslaught upon Jack-in-Office pride which is constantly found recurring in Dickens's maturer works, combined with the good-natured, if impossible, conversion of a mean nature to better things, a striking instance of which is found in the story of Mr. Scrooge. The two following papers, which purport to be reports of meetings of "The Mudfog Association for the Advancement of Everything," were evidently intended for burlesques upon the meetings of the British Association. Their humour, although it has naturally a somewhat ancient flavour, is perhaps more spontaneous than that of the first paper. The report takes the form of a series of communications from a special reporter, dated at all kinds of hours during the course of the day. From "Mudfog, Monday night, seven o'clock," we hear that "it is confidently rumoured that Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy have engaged three beds and a sitting-room at the 'Pig and Tinder-box.' I give you the rumour as it has reached me; but I cannot, as yet, vouch for its accuracy." This is followed by a communication dated "half-past seven." "I have just returned from a personal interview with the landlord of the 'Pig and Tinder-box.' He speaks confidently of the probability of Professors Snore, Doze, and Wheezy taking up their residence at his house during the sitting of the Association, but denies that the beds have been yet engaged; in which representation he is confirmed by the chambermaid—a girl of artless manners and interesting appearance." In the next communication there is one highly characteristic and pleasing touch of absurdity. "At an early hour this morning the bells of all the churches struck seven o'clock; the effect of which, in the present lively state of the town, was extremely singular." There is perhaps more matter in "The Pantomime of Life," which follows the "Mudfog Reports," than in any of the previous papers; but the whole volume not only contains much that is amusing, but is interesting and valuable as illustrating the development of an extraordinary talent. We venture on a quotation from "Mr. Robert Bolton, the Gentleman Connected with the Press," with which to close this brief notice. The scene passes in the parlour of a public-house near Westminster, and one of the company has announced that he possesses a copy of Byron's Poems inscribed with Pope's "identical scratch." "How d'ye mean, Mr. Clip?" asks another person:—

"Mean! why, that it's got the *hottergruff* of Pope.

"Steal not this book, for fear of hangman's rope;  
For it belongs to Alexander Pope."

All that's written on the inside of the binding of the book; so, as my son says, we're bound to believe it."

"Well, sir," observed the undertaker, deferentially, and in a half-whisper, leaning over the table, and knocking over the hairdresser's grog as he spoke, "that argument's very easy upset."

"Perhaps, sir," said Clip, a little hurried, "you'll pay for the first upset afore you thinks of another."

(1) *The Mudfog Papers*, &c. By Charles Dickens. Now first collected. London: R. Bentley & Son.

"Now," said the undertaker, bowing amicably to the hairdresser, "I think, I say I think—you'll excuse me, Mr. Clip, I think, you see, that won't go down with the present company—unfortunately, my master had the honour of making the coffin of that ere Lord's housemaid, not no more nor twenty year ago. Don't think I'm proud on it, gentlemen; others might be; but I hate rank of any sort. I've no more respect for a Lord's footman than I have for any respectable tradesman in this room. I may say no more nor I have for Mr. Clip! (bowing.) Therefore, that ere Lord must have been born long after Pope died. And it's a logical inference to defer, that they neither of them lived at the same time. So what I mean is this here, that Pope never had no book, never seed, felt, never smelt no book (triumphantly) as belonged to that ere Lord. And, gentlemen, when I consider how patiently you have 'eared the ideas what I have expressed, I feel bound, as the best way to reward you for the kindness you have exhibited, to sit down without saying anything more—partickler as I perceive a worthier visitor nor myself is just entered. I am not in the habit of paying compliments, gentlemen; when I do, therefore, I hope I strikes with double force."

The political part of Mr. Frost's forty years' recollections (2), which deals chiefly with the Owenist and Chartist movements, is somewhat heavy reading. On the other hand, his account of his literary experiences of "John Cassell and his Literary Staff," of "Provincial Journalism and Journalists," and of the time during which he himself was editor of a penny periodical, is decidedly curious and entertaining. On one occasion the "proprietor, editor, printer, and publisher" of a moderately Liberal provincial paper wanted "the assistance of a young man capable of sub-editing, reporting, and reading." Mr. Frost being asked "what wages he would expect," answered "Two pounds a week." "Two pounds a week!" he repeated, opening his eyes to their utmost capacity, "why I give my overseer only five-and-twenty shillings!" Some of the letters received from boys during Mr. Frost's editorship of a penny periodical were worth preserving. "Sur," wrote one who seemed to be a machine-boy from certain marks of printing-ink on the envelope, "I want to be a midshipman, but I don't no how to git apinted. Will you please tell me in yure next wot I must do. I ham neerly fifteen, and no a little of sea life, as I have red lots of nortical tales." Another wished for an editorial opinion on "the enclosed play, wich I have rote all myself. I think it ort to be sensayshonal enuf fer anything, and if you think its proper, please send it to any theayter were you nose the gunner, and have it brought hout. You mite say that all the boys at our shop will go and see it."

The two stories contained in the little volume called *The Conjuror's Daughter* (3) are of a harmless kind, and in the first of them a certain amount of "sensation" is provided by an old enough device. The illustrations to the book are of an amazing character, and have some unintended kinship with the original illustrations to Cazotte's *Le Diable Amoureux*.

In the current volume of Messrs. Macmillan's *Art at Home Series* (4) Mr. C. G. Leland, best known to English readers for the most part as the author of the Breitmann Ballads, appears as an authority on such various "minor arts" as, among others, leather-work, porcelain-painting, wood-carving, stencilling, mosaic work, and *repoussé* work. The book, says Mr. Leland in his preface, is put forward with much more serious intention than that of affording amusement to idlers. It is designed "to teach in a simple, practical manner the processes of several minor decorative arts which may prove sources of profit or culture." Mr. Leland is anxious to see hand-made, and therefore individually artistic, work preferred in "the minor arts" to that which is turned out by machinery, and he has spared no pains to give such instruction as can be given in writing to people who may wish to acquire a practical knowledge of the arts which he discusses. Of the difficulties in his way the author is fully aware, as is shown by his observation that "it is very true that no art in detail can be taught in a chapter, but the author speaks from experience when he asserts that the perfect method of the processes of making boiled leather-work, wood-carving, mosaic-laying, moulding, and some other arts, may be so distinctly set forth in a few pages as to enable any intelligent youth to produce something creditable, and that with this first experience gained he will be able to proceed without difficulty." We have said that Mr. Leland has spared no pains to make his volume as complete as possible, and the concluding passage of the paper, in which he gracefully thanks various persons whom he has consulted and who have advised or helped him, gives proof, if any were needed, of the energy which he has brought to bear on the subjects he has taken in hand. Both the directions and the illustrations are singularly full and clear.

The title of Mr. Wilson's book (5) sufficiently explains its intention, and the contents amply fulfil the promise of the title. Mr. Wilson seems to have thought of every point of information or suggestion that can be useful to the invalid for whom a sea voyage is desirable, and while he is instructive, he is never dull. We note with pleasure that he condemns the folly of attempting a sea voyage at all in certain cases.

An unpretending little volume (6), containing the curiously in-

(2) *Forty Years' Recollections—Literary and Political*. By Thomas Frost. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(3) *The Conjuror's Daughter*. A Tale. By J. W. Sherer, C.S.I. With illustrations. London: Allen & Co.

(4) *Art at Home Series—The Minor Arts*. By C. G. Leland. London: Macmillan & Co.

(5) *The Ocean as a Health Resort*. A Handbook of Practical Information as to Sea Voyages, for the use of Tourists and Invalids. By William S. Wilson. London: J. A. Churchill.

(6) *A Daring Voyage across the Atlantic*. By Two Americans, the Brothers Andrews. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

teresting log of the *Nautilus*, a "Dory," 19 ft. long, 6 ft. 7 in. wide, and 2 ft. 3 in. deep, in which two brothers, named Andrews, crossed from Beverly to Havre. The feat was the more extraordinary on account of the bad weather encountered and of the fact that one of the brothers was not a practised seaman. The log has a pleasing simplicity and straightforwardness, and is accompanied with a good introduction and some notes by Dr. Macaulay, editor of *The Boy's Own Paper*.

Mr. Robinson's work on Bee-Farming (7) will be found to possess interest even for people who have no technical knowledge of or special care for the subject. In addition to much matter both practical and theoretical concerning British bee-farming, it contains some curious accounts of American bee-hunting, and observations on the senses, sagacities, and ways of bees.

The directions and hints contained in the *Cottage Cookery Book* (8) are plain and to the purpose, and are especially valuable in showing how easy a matter the economy aimed at is. It can only be hoped that in time the repeated attempts made to overcome the unthrift of the classes to whom the book specially appeals may have some effect.

The curious brochure which is entitled, with somewhat questionable grammar, *Aggravating Ladies* (9), contains not only an extraordinarily long list of works which have appeared in the present century with the title-page description "By a Lady," but also some well-considered observations on cataloguing which are worth the attention of all who are interested, or ought to be interested, in the matter.

The sixth volume of *The Hundred Greatest Men* (10) is devoted to science; and, beginning with Hippocrates, ends with Cuvier. The selection of names has been carefully made, but will not, of course, please everybody. Professor Helmholtz's introduction is naturally full of interest.

Many people will be glad to have the clear and careful explanation which Miss Lyschinska has given of the Kindergarten method (11), a method which seems to grow rapidly in popularity. The writer, in a modest preface, explains that her "exposition of the Pestalozzi-Fröbelian principles makes no claim to originality. It is the outcome of long association with one of Fröbel's family."

Messrs. Griffith and Farran issue a well-designed series of children's reading-books (12) specially intended for use in the tropics.

(7) *British Bee-Farming; its Profits and Pleasures*. By James F. Robinson. London: Chapman & Hall.

(8) *The Cottage Cookery Book; containing Simple Lessons in Cookery and Economical Home Management*. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

(9) *Aggravating Ladies; being a List of Works published under the pseudonym of "A Lady," with preliminary Suggestions on the Art of describing Books bibliographically*. By Olphar Hamst. London: Bernard Quaritch.

(10) *The Hundred Greatest Men*. Vol. III. Science. With an Introduction by Professor Helmholtz. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(11) *The Kindergarten Principle; its Education Value and chief Applications*. By Mary J. Lyschinska, Superintendent of Method in London under the School Board for London. London: W. Isbister.

(12) *Tropical Reading-Books*. Intended for use in the West Indies and elsewhere. Compiled, under the direction of the Bishop of Kingston, by E. C. Phillips. London: Griffith & Farran. New York: Dutton & Co.

#### NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Conductor, Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.  
DETAILED PROGRAMMES may now be had, personally or by letter, on application to  
FRED. R. SPARK, Hon. Sec.  
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For further information apply to the DEAN.

Guy's Hospital, London, S.E., July 1880.

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3. The Jefferson Exhibition (value £50) open to Candidates who have not entered at any Metropolitan Medical School. Subjects: Mathematics and Latin, and any two following languages at the option of the Candidates, Greek, French, German. The successful Candidates will be required to enter at St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

4. Preliminary Scientific Examination. On October 21 there will be an Examination (limited to Students of the Hospital of less than six months' standing) for the above Exhibition, value £50. The subjects are those of the Preliminary Scientific Examination of the London University.

The successful Candidates for the above Four Scholarships are eligible in succeeding years for the Scholarships of the School, viz.: First year, three (£125, £120, £120); Second year (£120); Third and Fourth year (£140, £120, £120, and for the several prizes).

For further particulars application may be made, personally or by letter, to the WARDEN of the College, The College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

**THE VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.—THE OWENS COLLEGE,**

MANCHESTER.—A PROSPECTUS, containing information on the Courses of Instruction, Fees, Scholarships, Exhibitions, &c. may be obtained on application to the REGISTRAR. The Calendar will be published early in September.

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar, pro tem.

**THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER.—THE COLLEGE**

SESSION, 1880-1, will begin in the Medical Department on Friday, October 1; in the Arts, Science, and Law Department, on Tuesday, October 5; and in the Evening Classes Department, on Monday, October 11. Candidates for admission must not be under Fourteen years of age, and in the Arts and Science Departments those under Sixteen will be required to pass a Preliminary Examination in English, Arithmetic, and Elementary Latin. Prospectuses are published for each of these Departments, and may be obtained on application to the REGISTRAR. Fuller details respecting the Courses of Instruction, Fees, Scholarships, Exhibitions, &c. will be found in the Calendar, which may be obtained early in September (price 3s., post free, 3s. 6d.) from Mr. CORNISH, 35 Piccadilly, and other Booksellers in Manchester, and from Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co., London. The Syllabus of the Evening Classes may now be obtained from Mr. CORNISH (price 6d.; post free, 7d.).

J. HOLME NICHOLSON, Registrar.

**THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE,**

Mile-end, E.—The SESSION 1880-81, will commence on Friday, October 1, 1880. Four Entrance Scholarships, value £20, £20, £20, and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 30.

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**QUEEN'S COLLEGES, IRELAND.—The PROFESSORSHIP of SURGERY in the Queen's College, Cork, being about to become Vacant,**

Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the UNDER-SECRETARY, Dublin Castle, on or before September 30, 1880, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant.

The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties forthwith.

Dublin Castle, September 7, 1880.

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During the Thirtieth Session, 1880-81, which will commence on October 1, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:

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Stationers' Hall, Finsbury Hill: September 6, 1880. CHAS. ROBERT RIVINGTON, *Clerk*.

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